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November, 1936

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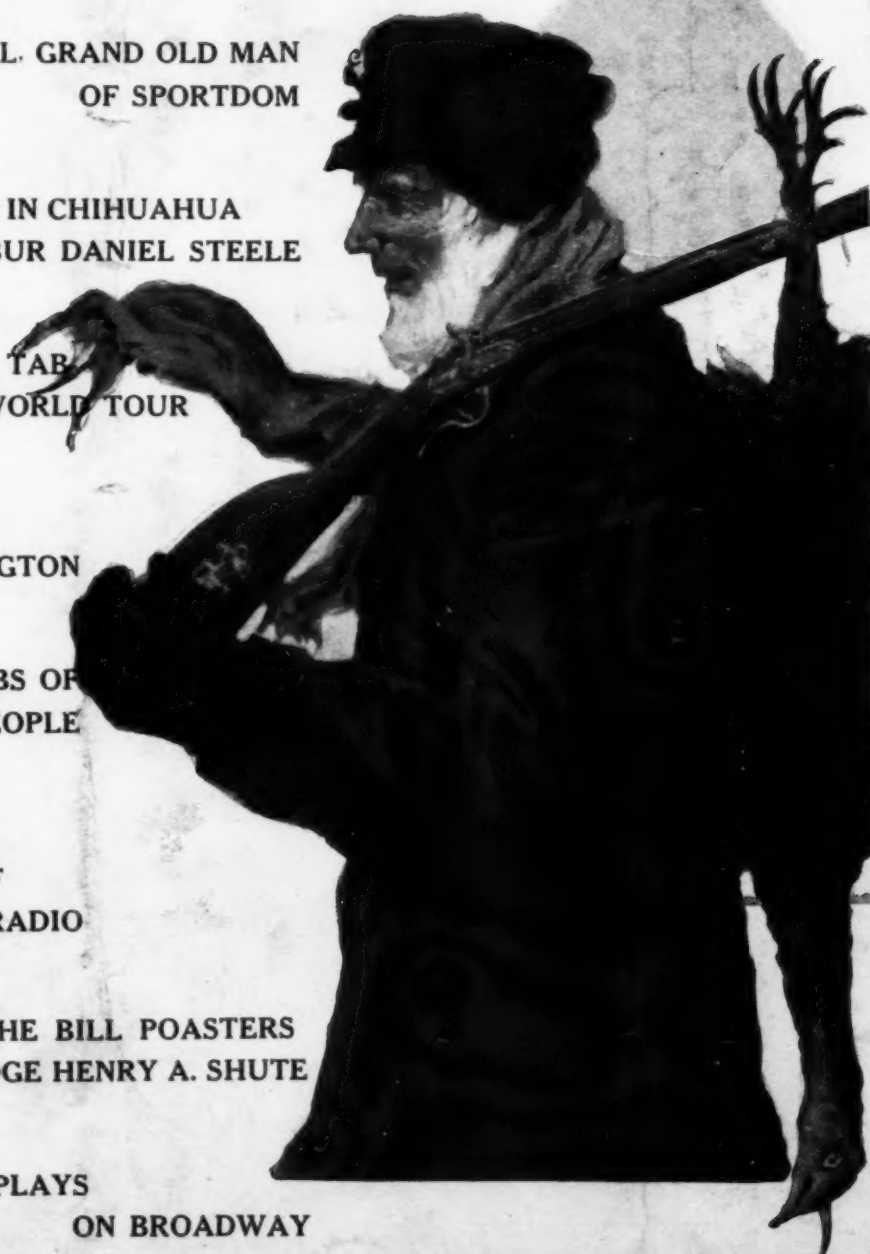
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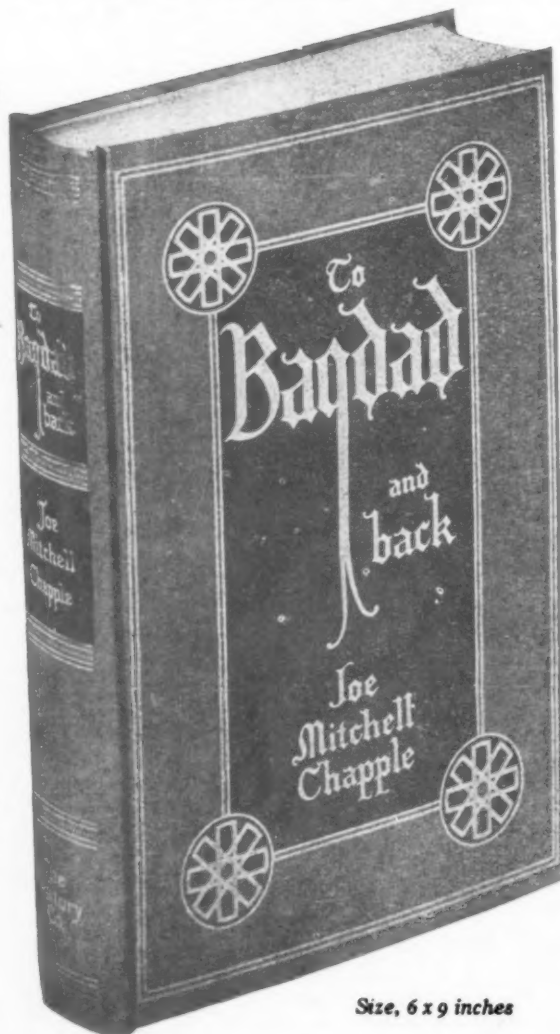
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The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
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True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

—Tennyson



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Within its 300 Pages**

THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



WITH the echoes of the November election results resounding, Washington is adjusting itself to the decree of the sovereign voters. Elections may be physically less bloody than political upheavals in other countries where change of governmental administration occurs, but there is much of the ruthless cruelty that cuts deeper than any mortal injury coming from the unbridled personal abuse, character assassinations, and gun men methods unloosed in American political campaigns. Politics is, after all, a matter of "ins and outs" under the pressure of temper, vanity and avarice, and is hardly more brazen in Brazil where political newspaper offices were destroyed as enemies of the people. There are various forms of tyranny, and newspapers grow fat in profits and audacious through the power of special privilege. Profiting by playing on the passions of people and enlisting their support by promises of "beating up the big fellows," exists in this country—a sad commentary on the ideals of the Fourth Estate.

SELECTED United States Senator from Pennsylvania, James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, has lately delivered some very timely comments on the industrial situation of today. Speaking before the delegates of the American Federation of Labor at their national convention in Boston, he declared that further restrictions on immigration into the United States were necessary in order to alleviate unemployment and aid American laborers generally. "I have long advocated," he said, "the adoption of a selective system, under which no unattached immigrant should be admitted, except to meet an actual need of the country." Secretary Davis is a true Secretary of Labor, devoting his energies to means of reducing the army of the unemployed. On October 22 he directed the attention of the advisory committee on employment

statistics on the need for a thorough inquiry into the effect of time-saving industrial machines upon unemployment. In his activities the Secretary of Labor is proving that he is one of the ablest men who have ever held the Labor portfolio.

UNDER the management of Mr. C. C. Cappel, the United States Army Band has completed a most successful tour through New England. The membership is composed of the remnants of the famous Headquarters A. E. F. Band of General Pershing, commencing under the stress of wartime service and experience in France, giving this organization a background that inspires musicianship. Some of the members have been wounded in service and received citations for bravery and gallantry in action. Their smart uniforms and impressive, soldierly appearance, together with the high order of artistic skill, have brought the people directly in contact with a musical organization that has done much in inspiring a love of music among the people in the various towns and cities they have visited. Their tour to Spain and other parts of Europe added additional honors to this good will band of troubadors. Captain William J. Stannard, leader of the band, has evidenced keen interest in the local organizations in the cities they have visited and directed the home town band, and, in return courtesy, turned the baton over to the home band leader to give him the thrill of his life in leading this famous band. These personal contacts together with the high order of music presented, will exert an important influence on the music of America.



The Hon. James J. Davis, Senator-elect from Pennsylvania

WHILE the American judiciary has been unable to put a regulating hand on primary campaign expenditures by senatorial candidates, the Senate of the United States has undertaken to supply the means of checking excessive expenditures of this kind. That it has created a



Hon. Dwight Morrow, U. S. Senator-elect from New Jersey

menacing club over the heads of the aspiring candidates by the unseating of Mr. Vare of Pennsylvania and Mr. Smith of Illinois is indicated by the accounts filed during the last few days of October, enumerating the election as well as the primary expenses. Dwight W. Morrow, of New Jersey, reported a campaign fund of \$11,335. Senator Daniel O. Hastings of Delaware, \$6114. The one pre-eminent exception is Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick of Illinois, who reported to the Senate that her election campaign expense was only \$16,000 although her primary expenses had reached about \$350,000.

FEW names have been more prominent among the candidates of the last campaign than that of Hon. Dwight W. Morrow, the newly-

elected senator from New Jersey. His candidacy seemed to have a national aspect and his election was looked upon as a merited reward for eminent public service to one who has done much in his work in Mexico and on international commissions, evidencing a keen grasp of national and international affairs. Senator Morrow is a man who seems to understand human psychology in the mass as well as in individual contacts. His election will give New Jersey a prominence in the Senate such as it has not had in many generations, because they now have a senator whose national appeal is already established, a man thoroughly endorsed by the folks at home.

FOR ten years the women of America have had the right to vote. Along with the decennial come ubiquitous reflections as to the value of the nineteenth amendment. Have the results of the grant of the ballot to womankind fulfilled the sanguine predictions of suffragists or the gloomy warnings of the anti-suffragists? "No" is probably the answer to both parts of the question. The political arena has not been spotlessly cleansed by the entrance of women as voters. No doubt enfranchising half of the adult population has nearly doubled the expenses of campaigns and elections. On the other hand, century-old violation of the abstract rights of one half of humanity has been ended. Undeniably, although the political arena may not be lily white, it is a good deal less

muddy than before woman suffrage. What have the women done politically in the past decade? The United States has seen women governors of states, senators, and representatives, but practically without exception, they have succeeded their deceased husbands to office, a fact that suggests an act of sentiment on the part of the electorate. Nevertheless, their record on the whole is an admirable one, and perhaps forecasts a time when women will guide the reins of government equally with the men. During this decennial year, several women members of the House of Representatives were candidates for re-election; Mrs. Florence Kahn of California, Mrs. Edith N. Rogers of Massachusetts, Mrs. Ruth B. Pratt of New York, Mrs. Katherine Langley of Kentucky, Mrs. Mary T. Norton of New Jersey, and Mrs. Ruth B. Owen of Florida. Five women of the two leading parties were seeking election to the House. One of their sex, Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick of Illinois, was aiming at the higher branch of Congress. An interesting sidelight in the past campaign may throw a light on the role of women in the politics of the future. They were taking a more active part in campaigns than ever before. In New Jersey during the primary campaign Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow took the stump for her husband, Miss Frelinghuysen for her father, and Margaret Fort for her brother. The wives of all three candidates took part in the campaign. Mrs. Gifford Pinchot in Pennsylvania did yeoman work for her husband in his hard-fought battle.

AN event of national importance took place at the Advertising Club in New York City at the luncheon on October 16. Coste and Bellonte, the courageous French flyers, were presented a check for \$25,000 by Colonel William E. Easterwood, Jr. of Dallas, Texas, as their reward for the epoch-making flight. Conspicuous among those present at the



Mrs. William E. Easterwood of Dallas, Texas, charmingly garbed in a colonial costume

ceremony was the pretty wife of the donor of the prize. Mrs. Easterwood was probably the first woman to participate in a noon-time program in the private sanctum of the Advertising Club, an honor she appeared to enjoy. She added a pleasing bit of color to the occasion, and presented the flyers with a bouquet of American Beauty roses. Mrs. Easterwood is interested in many civic organizations in her native state. She attended the American Legion Convention as a auxiliary representative, and appeared in a costume of 1845, the year of the declaration of the Lone Star State independence from Mexico. Mrs. Easterwood was at the table that won the prize. The bonnie lasses from the Blue Bonnet State in costume made me think of what has inspired the chivalrous Southern cavaliers in their traditional gallantry.

* * *

SINCE retiring Calvin Coolidge has established himself in the hall of famous listeners. For the first time since he left the White House he made a political speech to which many millions listened intently. The sole living ex-President, now premier columnist of the United States, appearing from the cloisters at Northampton, entered the field of politics on October 30. Unceremoniously driven to the radio station atop the Hotel Kimball in Springfield, Mr. Coolidge delivered perhaps the most important address of the lively 1930 "off-year" campaign and then quietly returned home where Mrs. Coolidge awaited him. Although the address was primarily directed to assist the Republican candidates in Massachusetts, the former President expressed a thoughtful analysis of national affairs, endorsing unreservedly the Hoover administration. "We have had a world-wide recession in trade. It has been due to a combination of causes which no one yet comprehends.

No government worthy of confidence undertakes to guarantee prosperity. If there was any action that could have been taken by the government

of the United States which would have prevented the trouble that has arisen all over the world no one has convincingly stated it.

The welfare of all the people is of interest to the government but it is especially solicitous for those who are less able to take care of themselves. While their immediate relief is a duty assigned to local government and private charity, a general marshalling of all the public and private resources of the country in order to furnish employment for wage earners and a market for materials can be properly encouraged and supervised by officers of the national and state governments. This policy was

adopted nearly a year ago by President Hoover, was followed by Governor Allen of Massachusetts and has done much to alleviate our situation and is still in healthy progress. It is the duty of all our citizens and especially of all public officers without respect to party not only to co-operate with them to this end but to refrain from groundless and reckless statements which can only retard the return of that public confidence so necessary to increased prosperity. It is no time for rash experiments in men or measures."



The Hon. William M. Butler of Massachusetts

* * *

THE campaign of William M. Butler for the U. S. Senator from Massachusetts had something of a national import. He had been chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1924 when his friend, Calvin Coolidge, was first formally elected President, receiving an overwhelming majority. It was natural that the ex-President should feel a keen interest in Mr. Butler's political faith. Mr. Butler openly declared himself a dry in the face of the predictions that Massachusetts was a wet state because it was one of the two states in the North that had given their electoral votes to Alfred E. Smith, the avowed wet candidate for the President of the United States in 1928. Although defeated in the election just past, Mr. Butler has commanded respect. He was no opportunist. He stood squarely on the issues of protective tariff and did not compromise on the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. While he was caught in the Democratic tidal wave—an expected reaction in times of business depression and droughts—William Morgan Butler has stamped himself as a campaigner of integrity.



Calvin Coolidge as a plain citizen has won a new place in American hearts



Justice Brandeis is one of the most prominent men of his race

WHILE the United States is unable to confer titles of nobility upon eminent citizens, the Congressional Medal and the Navy Cross are regarded as somewhat analogous honors. Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd has been awarded the Navy Cross, "For extraordinary heroism in the line of his profession as commanding officer of the Byrd Antarctic expedition, in that on Nov. 28, 1929, he took off in the 'Floyd Bennett' from the expedition's base at Little America, Antarctica, and

after a flight made under the most difficult conditions he reached the south pole on Nov. 29, 1929." Secretary of the Navy Charles Francis Adams will present the medal in the near future. America's manner of recognizing achievement may be less striking than Italy's, where eminent men are often chosen as senators, or England's, where the great are christened "Sir" if in sympathy with the majority party, but the Congressional Medal and the Navy Cross have become among the highest distinctive honors in the world.

DESPITE the pressure of the Supreme Court calendar Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes still insists on taking his walks about Washington, accompanied by umbrella or cane. As was the case when serving as an Associate Justice on the Supreme Court bench, he insists upon maintaining contacts with human beings a few hours a day, even if he is immersed in the books and consulting authorities in crystallizing judicial decisions. His public service as governor of New York and as a member of the Cabinet has enabled him to expedite decisions that have to do with the practical operation of state and federal government. He has not abandoned his practice of finding out facts first-hand and President Hoover still remains on his calling list. On his voyage with Will Rogers on the Leviathan he exchanged titles with the gum-chewing humorist and was assigned to the subject of "wise cracks" in an address made to raise funds for the Florida hurricane sufferers. Will Rogers insists that he learned more about statecraft on this voyage than during any other similar time in his life. Ever since his inauguration in 1907 as the Governor of the State of New York, Charles Evans Hughes has been an impressive figure nationally until his appearance is now regarded as the typical statesman's.

UNPERTURBED by the agitation booming him as the head of the new Zionist Movement in Palestine, Justice Brandeis continues the even tenor of his judicious ways. Even though submerged in judicial robes, he keeps in touch with the current affairs of the world in which he figured so conspicuously in the early days of his career. His name was even mentioned in political campaigns. His interpretation of the constitution, like that of the veteran Justice Holmes, has been liberal, and yet at all times maintains a balance of judicial determination. As the outstanding member of the Jewish race in America, it is no wonder that they call upon him as a leader in the stressful movement associated with the future of the land of their origin.

TRULY the world is becoming "radioized." To the largest audience in the history of the world that ever heard a program, President Hoover over a universal chain of radio stations delivered a stirring appeal for international peace. The occasion was the depositing of the London Peace Treaty ratifications, and he urged that the nation be not satisfied with this treaty alone, but soon extend the naval arms limitations. "If the limitations now established can be maintained," he declared hopefully, "we may look forward with assurance to the fact that future conferences will find it easier to bring about further steps in



President Hoover and Chief Justice Hughes, heads of the executive and judicial departments of the government

reduction." After the President's address, Prime Minister MacDonald from London and Premier Hamaguchi from Tokio joined in the pleas for further disarmament. Although few persons probably saw the significance, the means used in this universally-heard program—the radio—may prove to be a vital factor in bringing about the peace urged, through the promotion of better international understanding.

THERE is one day in the year that the American eagle is supplanted as the American bird. Thanksgiving has served a purpose in directing attention to the turkey as an offering of peace and good will. It may be difficult for many millions to sit down at the feast and find much to be thankful for in a financial way, but the turkey still remains a symbol of hope. It also reminds us that the first Thanksgiving Day of the Pilgrims was not inspired by a bountiful outburst of prosperity. They realized, as the country is probably now appreciating, that there are other things to be thankful for besides money and unbridled prosperity. The gobble of the turkey is still heard in the land, and with it comes a fervent gratefulness in millions of American homes as the family is found around the table in health and even content, grateful that a Divine Providence can provide real happiness without all the luxurious living which inevitably breeds crime and corruption, a drifting away from the family altars which were indeed the cornerstones of our American civilization. It is well for Thanksgiving to provide a remembrance in the people's hearts of the Divinity that shapes their ends, who breathe an inward prayer to the God of our Fathers.

AS deserved an appointment as has been made in recent years is that of Joshua Reuben Clark, Jr., to the post of Ambassador to Mexico vacated by Dwight W. Morrow. His career in educational and governmental positions has been outstanding. After teaching law at the George Washington University, he became the solicitor of the State Department. In 1912 President Taft appointed him the Chairman of the American Preparatory Committee to represent the United States in the third Hague Conference. During the world war he performed notable services for his country in the judiciary department. In 1928 Mr. Clark was selected as Undersecretary of State. As the American Ambassador to the country south of the Rio Grande he will encounter hard problems and will find that the place of Mr. Morrow, a close friend, is not easy to fill. On the other hand, Mr. Clark's Ambassadorship has started auspiciously. The Mexicans expressed a desire for him, the State Department set upon him the mark of enthusiastic approval, and President Hoover warmly endorsed him. Although it had been rumored that his predecessor, Mr. Morrow, would pay the expenses of the embassy at Mexico City out of his personal fortune, Mr. Clark declared that he would pay his own way about Mexico, saying that "when I can no longer finance myself I'll come home. I think it would be iniquitous and un-American for an ambassador to be supported by some private citizen," a very enthusiastic beginning.

ARMISTICE Day whirls around to the twelfth milestone. The celebration of the day continues in Washington, but there is a noticeable lack of ceremonial attention to this holiday over the country. The people have been so absorbed in the proposition of peace pacts that the war has become more or less a ghastly memory which the stage and movies and novels have taken advantage of. The relaxation of interest in war memories was indicated when Ramsay MacDonald, Premier of Great Britain, proclaimed that it was not necessary for guests to place wreaths on the tomb of the "Unknown Soldier." This brought a fiery protest from Rudyard Kipling, who lost his only son in the war, in the shape of a poem. This poem has made an impression in Washington and in all parts of the country. Kipling remains a favorite poet among the millions and his last satire, thought bitter, drives home a timely point for Armistice Day:



Rudyard Kipling rises to defend the "Unknown Soldier" with his pen

Though all the dead were all forgot
And razed were every tomb,
The worm—the worm that dieth not
Compels us to our doom.
Though all which once was England stands
Subservient to our will,
The dead of whom we washed our hands,
They have observance still.

We laid no finger to their load,
We multiplied their woes,
We used their dearly opened road
To traffic with their foes:
And yet to them men turn their eyes
To them are vows renewed
Of faith, obedience, sacrifice,
Honor and fortitude.

Which things must
perish. But our
hour
Comes not by
staves or swords
So much as, subtly
come through
power
Of small corroding
words.
No need to make the
plot more plain:
By an open thrust:
But see their memory
is slain
Long ere their
bones are dust.

Wisely, but yearly,
filch some
wreath—
Lay some proud
rite aside—
And daily tarnish
with our breath
The ends for which
they died.
Distract, deride,
decry, confuse,
(When it serves us
—pray.)
So presently we
break the use
And meaning of
their day.



Plupy Shute, of the Bil Poasters Company

In which our genial boy essayist, who in recent issues has critically regarded loafers and clubs, embarks with his friends, Beany and Pewt, upon a business enterprise

By JUDGE HENRY A. SHUTE

THE unfortunate ending of the boys' venture into journalism, while adding something to their somewhat unsavory reputation, left them in a fairly prosperous condition. They had money in their purses, or rather pockets, and being of a highly convivial and fairly generous disposition, were very popular with their boy and girl friends as long as their money lasted.

This was not long, however, for riches are ever prone to take wings, and nothing that the boys did in those days had any tendency to clip or shorten the growth of these wings, and very shortly and after a meteoric career of extravagance the boys found themselves "broke." More than this, their financial affairs were approaching a more serious crisis than they had ever faced.

The ease with which they had made their money and the happy-go-lucky way they had spent it had made them so careless and improvident in their expenditures that they had incurred a listed indebtedness of several dollars before they were brought to their senses by a stern demand for cash payment.

Very much disturbed in their minds, they held a conference in the paint shop of Pewt's father, while that highly gifted artist was engaged in painting Fatty's barn a highly inflamed and hectic red.

"Gosh, fellers," said Plupy, trying a paint brush against a much-smear'd door, "suthin's gotter be done. I owe old Polly Colket eighty-six cents for juju paste, 'n taffy on a stick, 'n old Si Smith mos' fifty cents for gooseberries and cocoanuts 'n five for five pipes. I donno' what in timenation to do. If father finds it out, he'll larrup time outen me."

"I'm worse offen you," said Beany. "I hired a horse 'n buggy of Major Blake 'n it cost me two dollars. Then I owe old Si thirty cents, and Hen Simpson fifty cents for his boat. The old man said he would shake my liver out if I ever ran up a bill anywhere. Hope the old man doesn't go into Major's hotel."

"Huh! you fellers ain't smart," said Pewt. "All I owe is just twenty-five cents. You hed oughter charged it to your big brother like I did."

"I ain't got any big brother," said Plupy. "I have," said Beany, "but I didn't dass to do that. Jim would ha' put a tin ear on me if I done anything like that."

"Well, my brother licks me anyway, and I gotter square up with him some way," opined Pewt, "when a feller gives another feller a bat on the head whenever he feels like it, the other feller has got to do somethin' more about it than makin' him fall into the swill tub."

"Didjer make him do that?" asked Plupy in delight.

"You bet," said Pewt, "'n he went right in head first, and got 'bout a quart of swill up each sleeve of his coat."

"Did he lick yer?" demanded Beany.

"Naw. I wasn't there. Fatty Meleher was there and Skinny Bruce, and he licked Fatty and rubbed swill all over Skinny's face and down his neck. He thought they done it."



Plupy had his ears boxed by an irate lady whose baby he had awaked by bawling into her window

"Where were you?" asked Plupy with glistering eyes.

"I was behind Moulton's barn peeking through the lilac bushes. I tell you it was fine to hear Fatty holler and see Skinny spit. They both said they didn't put the tub there, but he wouldn't believe them."

"Well," said Plupy philosophically, "when a feller falls into a swill tub, or hits his head against a door, or sits on a table and somebody pulls up the end leaf, or sits on a tack, he has got to paist somebody right off in order to feel anywhere near right."

There was a pause for a moment while each boy grinned reminiscently, then depression settled on the trio as the desperate condition of their affairs forced itself upon them.

"Well, fellers," said Plupy at last, "whatjer goin' to do about it?"

"Lessee," said Beany, "can't we get a job

washin' wagons for Major Blake or Lev Towle?"

"Naw," said Pewt, "they don't pay nothin'. They jest make you wash a wagon 'n then they let you ride on a hack to the station, or take a horse round to the hotel. Th' ain't no money in that."

"S'past alewife time, too," sighed Plupy.

"Whattifit is?" sneered Beany, "after you got soppin' wet and praps got a crack over the head from somebody 'at hit you 'stid 'er the fish, you can't get nobody to buy the fish even for hens."

"Well, anyway, it was fun to slosh around and spatter the other fellers, and if we didn't get anything out of the fish we had fun pluggin' them at people. Do you remember the time that stewdeat (Academy student) came down with a stove pipe hat, I had the ole lounder of an alewife and I waited in the alley between Dan Ranlet's and Josh Getchell's store. I could hear him coming right along steppin' fast, and then I saw his shadow ahead of him and I swung that fish round my head and let her ding jest as hard as I could, and whadduyou think? Old Jerry Bragdon come along jest in time to get that old fish bang right in the ear. It was Jerry that came along stider the stewdeat. It nearly knocked his old bald head off. I was so 'sprised that I stood there like a lunatic until he saw me. Gosh, you had ought to a heard him swear, and chase me, but I got away that time, and he went over to Comical Brown's mother and told her that Com did it, and she kept him in the yard a week. I used to get Com mad after that by singing 'The feller that looks like me.'

"Oh, wouldn't I like to catch him,

Wherever he may be,

Oh, wouldn't I give him particular fits,

That feller that looks like me."

and Plupy roared and doubled up like a gigantic daddy-longlegs.

"Aw, come on now, fellers, iessee if we can think up any way to earn some dosh. If we don't, we fellers has got to go to work," said Pewt.

"The gardens is all made and it ain't time to dig potatoes or pick apples," said Beany.

"We might saw some wood," suggested Pewt doubtfully.

"I guess not much," said Plupy with warmth. "I get enough of that at home and enough splittin' too. I'd rather go to jail than saw wood anyway."

"We might try to sell papers," said Beany.

"Not if I know myself," shouted Pewt and Plupy in unison, "we got enough of the paper business when we published the *Lambaster*."

"Anyhow, it was a good paper," said Beany, "and it would ha' went all right if

the people hadn't got mad, but now we have gotter try somethin' else, I guess."

"Say, fellers," chimed in Beany, "didjer hear 'bout old Lem Tasker?"

"Aw! course I did, why doncher tell us somethin' new?" said Plupy with scorn.

"Well, 'f you know so much, you better tell it," said Beany.

"He got sent to jail fer stealin'," asserted Plupy.

"Ho! ho! stealin'," jeered Beany. "Plupy thought he knew it all, stealin', huh!"

"Well, I know, anyway," sneered Plupy. "I was only coddin' you."

"Well, if you know, tell us, just tell us, that's all. I stump yer!" shrieked Beany, snapping his fingers in Plupy's face.

"Aw, now, I can if I want'er," replied Plupy stubbornly.

"Stealin'! Ho! Ho!" said Beany. "Old Lem fell downstairs and broke his alimentary canal."

"Haw. I guess I knew that 'fore you did," said Plupy. "Anyway, it wasn't his alimentary canal. Th' ain't no such thing."

"'Tis, too," said Pewt. "That is a part of a feller, one of the bones of his leg."

"Huh, bone of his grandmother," sneered Plupy. "Call a bone a canal, huh!"

"They call it a canal, because it is holier like a holler tree, that's why they call it a canal," said Beany. "Anyway old Lem Tasker fell downstairs and broke his alimentary canal, and I can back it up," said Beany belligerently.

"Who will they get to post bills now?" said Pewt thoughtfully.

"Gosh," they all exclaimed as one thought struck them, "less we do it."

It almost seemed as if a special providence had interfered to ward off a certain bankruptcy, exposure, disgrace and worse yet—for disgrace sat lightly upon them—condign punishment.

In a moment they resolved themselves into a committee of the whole acting as a ways and means committee, and almost before a legislative body could have elected a chairman and have proceeded into executive session, the boys had laid many and farsighted plans that bade fair to revolutionize the science of bill posting. Pewt, who had inherited the paternal talent for sign painting, was to prepare the company sign forthwith; Beany, whose father had reduced the art of paper hanging and the manufacture of flour paste to a scientific practicality, was deputized to purloin or otherwise acquire from the paternal stock in trade a sufficient amount of paste to withstand any demand that the business might make; Plupy, whose father had once been a harness maker, and had added the gentle art of carriage trimming to his repertoire, was commanded to appropriate several tack hammers and a practically unlimited supply of tacks. Their headquarters was to be in Plupy's barn, the absence of his father in Boston during the daytime lending security both to the business venture and to the accumulation of the hardware.

These arrangements made, the boys bestirred themselves briskly, and by night the headquarters were in occupation, and this most lurid and descriptive sign held a commanding position on the side of the barn nearest the street:

PURINTON, SHUTE AND WATSON

Bil Poasters

Bils for Shows, Circuses, Oxians, Wedings, Funerals, Berths, Deths and all other Festivvitise poasted at loest prices. No Gob two larg and none two smal.

It was evident that Pewt had concentrated his undeniable talent for composition and painting on this opus, and the result was doubly gratifying to the public and the partners, and particularly to the latter, as almost immediately old Mr. Elkins, the auctioneer, catching sight of the gaudy announcement, pulled up his old roan horse and came limping into the yard and in a very short time



"Old Lem Tasker fell downstairs and broke his alimentary canal," said Beany belligerently

had made a contract with the boys for the "poasting" of fifty auction bills and the distribution of several hundred fliers at a fairly remunerative price. So the boys started out with great enthusiasm, and in a very short time had defiled the face of nature with hideous notices of a public vendue, and had scattered handbills over the entire community.

The next day business was dull, as it was on the day following, and the spirits of the boys became correspondingly low. On the third day the advance agent of Morris Bros. Minstrels came to town and promptly engaged the boys to assist in the distribution and publication of highly-colored prints. For this, however, they received no money, but satisfactory credentials for admission to the hall, which delighted them beyond measure, for as Plupy said, "if the feller had paid in money they would have had to pay the men they owed, but as long as he gave them tickets, nobody could blame them for going to the show."

The day after this the Baptist Church issued notices for an oyster supper to which the public was invited upon a twenty-five cents per capita basis, and the services of the firm were solicited for the proper dissemination of the knowledge.

But when, after spending the greater part of a day in distributing bills, during which Pewt received a black eye in a fight with a Green Street boy on whose shed he had essayed to post a bill, Beany was bitten by a dog on South Street which disputed his right to fire a tightly wadded bill into a window, and Plupy had his ears soundly boxed by an

irate lady whose baby he had awaked by hoarsely bawling the contents of the bills into her window—after this the boys were very indignant on learning that the only compensation they were to receive was in the shape of a limited whack at the refreshments, and they did not like oysters.

A very acrimonious dispute with the committee in charge resulted in a cash compromise only when the boys declared they would go over their routes again and tell everybody that the date had been changed.

And so for a few weeks business was good. The firm worked faithfully in posting bills for sheriffs' sales, real estate transactions, oyster suppers, notices that somebody's wife had left his bed and board, and that somebody forbade the public from trusting her on his account, and that somebody would not pay any bills of her contracting, or that somebody else had given his son or daughter his, her or its time to act and trade for his, her or itself, and that somebody would no longer pay any bills on his, her or its account, and other important documents of a legal nature.

In this way they gradually accumulated money enough to pay one hundred cents on a dollar to their creditors, and their financial future looked very bright. While money did not flow into their coffers in a stream, there was, nevertheless, a very gratifying trickle in their direction and they began to plan for substantial bank accounts.

At about this time the opportunity for a financial stroke occurred, the crisis when fortune knocks at one's door, that happy tide in the affairs of men that taken at its flood leads on to victory; a circus was to come to town.

At the time of the arrival of the advance agent the reputation of the boys for prompt and satisfactory work was so well established that it came to his knowledge and he promptly called upon them and engaged their services, and the next day they had the inexpressible delight of riding around the town on the gaily painted advertising van and of assisting in the affixing of magnificent lithographs to barns, outbuildings, fences and billboards, for which they received tickets to both afternoon and evening performances and a promise to lead or drive a pony in the parade.

In addition to this a special agreement was made by which a number of especially fine lithographs were left with them to be posted the night before the great day, to appear to the dazzled eyes of the public on the morning of the parade. For these services the boys were to receive one dollar each, upon the condition that the pictures were to be posted in unusual and particularly appropriate places, where they would attract unusual attention, from their unexpected positions. His idea, which he carefully explained to the boys, was that the art of advertising was in attracting the attention of the public. That is, a picture of a hippopotamus, as the Behemoth of Holy Writ, would be more likely to attract attention if posted on some house of worship than on some barn or outbuilding, and he added several other fitting illustrations. The boys were very quick to comprehend his ideas and expressed their confidence in their ability to earn their money.

And when the agent left town he made them sinfully proud by telling them they were about the gamest young sports he had ever met.

The week or ten days before the arrival of the circus the boys conferred weightily in regard to the appropriateness of certain places to serve as billboards, and outlined a plan of activity that should fairly electrify the citizens and win them fame and one dollar each.

In the meantime they did not neglect their business, but executed whatever "Gobs" were given them, whether "large or small." In this way they turned many an honest penny, but nothing in the nature of a bonanza.

The prospect of a circus attracted much less interest among the citizens than usual, for several matters of local interest had transpired. The wife of a very prominent citizen had given birth to triplets, the different factions in the Baptist Church known derisively as the Hard Shells and the Soft Shells, were in the midst of a most desperate church fight which was to culminate in a meeting on the very night of the circus. The Congregational Church had dismissed its pastor and engaged a new man, an extremely fat and rather prosaic, not to say stupid gentleman of enormous girth, immense weight and a prodigious voice. The chairman of the Board of Selectmen had inadvertently set fire to his whiskers by the explosion of an oil lamp and had not only damaged them seriously, but had scorched a curious and disfiguring twist into his countenance which made him the most ridiculous caricature ever imagined; serious trouble had arisen over the removal of several bodies from the old cemetery by the trustees, who had been threatened with criminal prosecution by some of the relatives of the deceased, and the ordinarily quiet town was in a whirl of excitement.

Naturally the acrid discussion of these matters had come to the notice of the firm, who kept tally on whatever occurred in the little town of Exeter, and quite naturally also sought to utilize it in whatever way it might turn to their profit and convenience.

The night before the arrival of the circus was overcast, but in the season of full moon, so that, while light enough for the purpose of posting bills, it was dark enough to enable them to do it unperceived. Especially was this the case in that good little town, for the worthy citizens were addicted to early hours and retired betimes, and as the firm had arranged matters so as to spend the greater part of the night in the open by the simple expedient of Beany obtaining permission of his parents to spend the night with Plupy, Pewt ditto, with Beany and Plupy likewise with Pewt, they prepared for a long and hard evening's work, and at about eleven o'clock, when the world was quietly sleeping, they

stole quietly forth, laden with lithographs, paste and brushes and did their deadly work.

What was the amusement, horror, delight, consternation, glee and anger of the citizens arising early to welcome the circus, to find front doors, bay windows and the immaculately painted walls of many of the houses thickly pasted with circus literature, and to see upon the walls of the warlike church edifice the legend in scarlet letters two feet long:

CIRCUS TONIGHT! COME ONE! COME ALL!

To see upon the white painted cottage where dwelt the happy mother of the triplets a much more than life-size figure of a stork with the words:

THE SECRET OF AMERICAN PROSPERITY
ON EXHIBITION IN THE BIG TENT

Beneath which Pewt had neatly painted

THERE IS LUCK IN ODD NUMBERS

What was the anger of the new pastor of the First Congregational Church to find hermetically sealed to the front wall of the parsonage an immense parti-colored picture of an enormous slate-colored hippopotamus, with huge gaping cavernous jaws of vivid crimson and the words:

COME AND SEE THE GIGANTIC HIPPOPOTAMUS, THE BEHEMOTH OF HOLY WRIT, THE LARGEST, THE FATTEST, THE MOST COLOSSAL AND THE STUPIDEST QUADRUPED IN THE FOUR QUARTERS OF EARTH'S GRAND PALLADIUM. COME AND HEAR HIM ROAR!

It would be dreadful to write down what the Chairman of the Board of Selectmen said when his horrified eyes fell on the immense picture of a freak, looking strangely like him and inscribed in lurid letters as:

JO-JO, THE DOG-FACED MAN! A CROSS BETWEEN A KAFFIR WOMAN AND THE HUGE BABOON OR MAN MONKEY OF CENTRAL AFRICA. DISPLAYS AN ALMOST HUMAN INTELLIGENCE. ON EXHIBITION IN THE BIG TENT. TONIGHT! TONIGHT!

The trustees of the cemetery, all reputable and conservative citizens, broke a lifetime of wise conservatism in speech and manner when they lapsed into horrid profanity, as their startled eyes gazed upon an immense hyena robbing a grave of its dead, and below these explanatory words:

THE HIDEOUS LAUGHING HYENA, THE GRAVE-ROBBER, WHICH BY STEALTH DESCENDS INTO THE GRAVEYARDS AT NIGHT AND RIFLES THEIR CONTENTS FOR ITS GRUESOME AND REVOLTING REFECTION. ON EXHIBITION IN THE BIG TENT. TONIGHT! TONIGHT!

The deep and hearty maledictions of Mr Simeon Flanders, an extremely hirsute gentleman with an enormous flat nose, were almost excusable when his irate glances perceived upon his front door a picture of a shaggy animal with a broad flat beak heralded by letters of great size as

THE DUCK-BILLED PLATIPUS, THE MOST MARVELOUS CREATION IN THE FAUNA OF AUSTRALIA ON EXHIBITION IN THE BIG TENT, THE ONLY SPECIMEN IN CAPTIVITY

At once these outraged citizens declared war against the proprietor of the circus, and before the parade was in readiness the entire outfit was attached for libel in more than a dozen suits, and the proprietor, a muscular gentleman with an immense black moustache, was diplomatically endeavoring to settle the actions with complimentary tickets to the families of the plaintiffs.

When the offending boys were brought into his presence, it required the united efforts of the sheriff and the entire police force to keep him from doing violence to them.

Poor boys. It was a bitter morning for them, and when after the actions had been satisfactorily settled, and they from their confinement in their beds heard the blare of the band, the shrill trumpeting of the elephant and the various sounds of the parade, and realized that they were out of it all, they were very bitter and unresigned.

The afternoon performance was crowded to the ring, owing to the success of the boys as advertising agents, and when at about 7 o'clock the proprietor, driving a team of calico ponies, stopped and personally interviewed the parents of Plupy, Beany and Pewt, and successfully secured their release from captivity, and took them in his own team to the big tent where they occupied reserved seats, they decided that the world was a pleasant place, after all.

But their fathers, fearing unexpected developments in the future, laid an embargo upon the business of the firm, which later passed into the hands of old Lem Tasker, who had providentially and very miraculously recovered from the debility caused by the fracture of his alimentary canal.

THE SAGUENAY

Back to Canadian northlands memories fondly stray,
Seeking again to vision scenes on the Saguenay:

Valleys and bays enchanting, islands like jewels strung;
Cliffs of majestic splendor, carved when the world was young;

Ribbons of water falling high among rocks and trees,
Lost, and then reappearing, destined for vaster seas;

Glimpses of peaceful hamlets close to the river's edge,
Churches and houses clustered safe near a rocky ledge;
Blue sky with cloud-boats sailing, mirrored in waters deep,

Fading, as fires of sunset, over the azure sweep;
Shadows of twilight, stealing, herald the end of day;
Waves on the ship's prow breaking murmur a restful lay.

Night veils the vivid picture, bringing the stars, and lo,
Out of the darkness looming, twin capes gigantic grow.

Beams light the Virgin's statue, white on the mound above,
Keeping her lonely vigil, symbol of faith and love.

Memories fade; but the magic spell of the Saguenay
Lingers a heaven-sent message, thrilling my heart away.

LUCINA GASKIN.

ASUNDER!

Why does life first assume an azure glow
With whispered notes of love in tender tones?
Comes then the rift—follows the whirling furies—
Suspicion breaks the bonds with suppressed moans.

Why are lives wrecked upon Hymen's altar?
God had joined with richest blessing
A twain whom fate had brought together—
To suffer in sin or error confessing.

One cannot plumb the depths of worldly ways
When Canan's bonds are decreed asunder!
Is divine faith lost? Has all Love fled?
Heads bow to Fate—in awesome wonder!

AIDA MYERS HOUSTON.

On To Mexico—A Tabloid World Tour

After visiting fifty countries of the Old and New World, the editor finds a tour to Mexico touches every historical and scenic interest, with archeological treasures of the glorious Maya civilizations reaching back before Christ, including pyramids and citadels outrivalling Babylon. A tabloid trip around the world

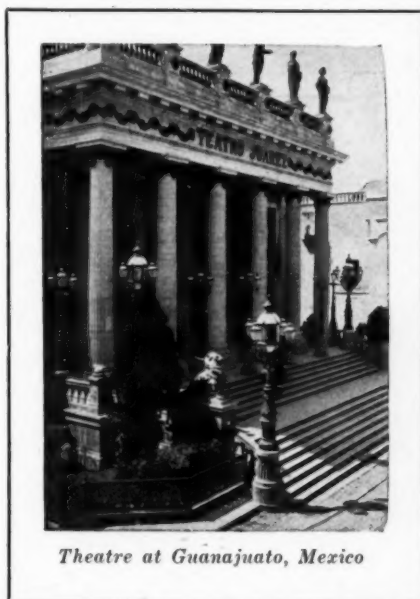
TOURING with a congenial party out to see things and enjoy each other and making new acquaintances en route is my idea of a vacation.

My last trip to Mexico was with a band of "trouper." The roster seemed to include all sorts of temperaments that coalesced by contrast. There were the fat and the lean, the tall and the short, the optimistic and the pessimistic, the superiority and the inferiority complexed, the red-headed, the blonde and brunette, the male and the female, the meticulous and the lackadaisical and the devil-may-care, a composite that co-ordinated under the leadership of one whom we shall call "Chief Get There."

The itinerary scheduled was equal to the "endurance test" of the "St. Louis Robin." Forsooth, did we not rendezvous in the city made famous by Lindbergh and his spirited steed of the air? A hot day? Yes, but what boot it?—the sweltering weather seemed to weld friendship as congenially and comfortably as an old stove. The candidates for the first degree gathered in the famous "back-in" St. Louis station, from which radiate passenger trains to all points of the compass night and day.

This rendezvous was the logical American Commercial gateway to Mexico;—for when one goes to Mexico in these expeditious days, one must pass this way. Then too, it is the headquarters of the Missouri Pacific, which has become a service institution under the presidency of Mr. L. W. Baldwin, who has shown how sixty thousand employees can operate Big Business. A "M. P. man always refers to his railroad." The growth and development of this system is one of the marvels in modern railroading. The "Sunshine Special" has carried as high as six extra sections out of the terminal. This famous train, made up at St. Louis, goes direct in the shortest possible time to the City of Mexico, with even an airplane route from Brownsville, Texas, that cuts the time twenty hours. Looking over the Missouri Pacific folder, I soon regarded it as a veritable passport to the land of the Montezumas. There was also a memory of the Lindbergh Museum in St. Louis, a large building containing exclusively the gifts presented to Colonel Lindbergh from persons all over the world—kings, queens, emperors, aces, and people in far-off lands—to say nothing of the thousands of trophies showered upon him by admiring Americans. There was enough to furnish the Versailles, to say nothing of the little gray home in New Jersey. When this modest mail pilot returned wearing the halo of world fame with his ship, "The

Spirit of St. Louis," his first international flight was direct to Mexico, where he met his fate and won his wife. In the eerie heights of Popocatepetl (one word we all blistered our tongues trying to pronounce) like Napoleon before the Pyramids, he looked down upon the work of centuries of civilization where teeming millions lived prior to the Christian era. His aerial cruise awakened a new interest in the Maya



Theatre at Guanajuato, Mexico

civilization, which will be reflected in the architecture of the Chicago World's Fair in 1933.

Following a streak of the setting sun down the banks of the Father of the Waters, the "Sunshine Special" with the band of "trouper" stowed away in compartments speeded on its way towards Mexico. On the left were the sand bars and the old steamboats that suggested "Showboat days" and busy scenes associated with Winston Churchill's novel "The Crisis." There was a thought of Mark Twain, who as a boy sat on the upper deck of a river steamer enjoying the thrill, and, when the captain asked him how he liked it, said, "I wish mother was here." It was this cruise that gave Samuel Clemens the "nom de plume" he made famous for all time, for here he first heard the voice calling out "Mark Twain!" over the waters from the side of the boat, as they were taking the soundings in the attempt to avoid the sand bar shoals.

At Riverside the train dashed down the famous Arcadia Valley through the Ozark

Mountains to the southwest and on to the Texas border. Here the party was joined by "three musketeers" from Galveston who insisted that they were direct descendants of Jean Lafitte, the pirate, and proceeded to add a Texan tempo to the merriment of the party. They even wore the badges of Texan Rangers. We now felt quite secure in crossing the border, despite the blood-curdling stories of revolutions and bandits.

Now we were in San Antonio, famous for David Crockett and the Alamo, called the Cradle of Texan Liberty, a metropolitan city with skyscrapers, and yet a fitting overture for a trip to Mexico, for a large percentage of the population is Mexican. In gay squads the "trouper" visited the Mexican market, which is transformed into a group of impromptu outdoor restaurants in the evening. They called for "chili con carne" and "hot tamales," made on charcoal stoves before our eyes. We had our fill, for the fact is there is no "chili con carne" or "hot tamales" in Mexico, just as there are no Spanish omelets in Spain or chop suey in China. Texas is the home of this appetizing but edible "hot stuff" that tickles the epicurean palate.

Near the center of San Antonio is the old Governor's Palace preserved as one of the connecting links with Spanish colonial times. The province of Texas was then ruled by twenty-two Spanish governors as a part of Coahuila Province. For one hundred and thirty-one years San Antonio was under Spanish domination. In this old Governor's Palace were the banquet room, the fireplaces, the old lamps, and the same old bell (which I rang) that called toilers from labor to refreshment. The carving on the doors and the well in the patio seemed like a glimpse of old Spain.

In the modern city of San Antonio the new home of the Express Publishing Company stands out pre-eminent, it being one of the finest and most complete newspaper buildings in the world. The decorations and design all suggest appropriate inspirations of this historic city. The paper was established sixty-four years ago, and Mr. Frank Huntress began his work forty-six years ago, becoming in 1910 president and general manager. He has been associated with the marvelous development of the city and of the papers which are housed in this triumph of architectural beauty, with every modern convenience and equipment. The decorations by Pompeo Coppene are striking and inspiring, allegorically representing the mission of the daily newspaper in impressive figures over the main entrance, representing Labor, Education, Knowledge, all pointing to the magic spot

on the globe known as Texas. In the lobby of Travertine Italian marble beyond the carved bronze doors is centered the Lone Star of Texas in black Persian marble. The mural decorations reveal all the processes of the making of a newspaper from the wood pulp in the forests to the boy delivering the papers—even an afterglow representing readers immersed in the columns of this particular newspaper. Some of the decorations in Mr. Huntress's private office were painted by Mrs. Huntress, and have been pronounced rare works of art.



Maximilian Chapel

The handsome parks, the zoo, and the sunken gardens of San Antonio are famous the world over. The collection of animals housed in the old stone quarry pits adjoining the handsome sunken gardens flash a scene of beauty suggestive of Japan.

With its dry invigorating air, in which beef will never spoil, one can understand why San Antonio has long been famous as a health resort.

The open air dinner at the Country Club overlooking the skyline of the city and the famous airport and Fort Hunter, now the largest army post in the United States, revealed a nocturnal scene of bewitching beauty that captivated the early as well as the later explorers arriving in San Antonio.

Soon after we crossed the Rio Grande, I heard a familiar voice on the radio in the parlor car. It was none other than that of Mayor James M. Curley addressing the Knights of Columbus at their Convention. Here in far-off Mexico, I listened to other familiar voices from Boston of participants in the program. Programs from other cities were heard as "Chief Get-There" ordered Sampson, the porter, to tune in for XEW, a station in Mexico City. Now our ears were greeted by singing and speaking in a strange tongue that reminded me of stirring scenes in vivid Spain, the European motherland of Mexico.

Now off for Mexico!

A highway, welcomed by motorists, extends from the border to Monterrey, the industrial capital of Mexico. Two hundred and fifty industries, employing over thirty thousand people and four thousand tons of

Monterrey-made products shipped every day indicates the busy activity. Natural gas has given a stimulus to the manufacturing interests of one hundred and fifty thousand people. Nestling in the Sierra Madre Mountains sixteen hundred feet above the sea level, towering Saddle Mountain stands sentinel on "the fields of Monterrey," as if to proclaim the virtues of the industrial metropolis of Mexico.

Among the industries that attracted "wet" and "dry," as a relic of past ages, was the famous Monterrey brewery. It utilizes the power and water supply brought from the mountains many miles, with the malt from afar. Some of the "trouper" lingered long under the trees with cold glasses, insisting that it was only to venerate memories of pre-Volstead days. A few were baffled to discover that they had to cultivate a new appetite all over again to appreciate the potable virtues of "bitter ale" but it was cold.

The Steel Plant in Monterrey was a revelation of industrial prestige. Red-hot ribbons of pipe were running through the furnaces like the imperious warning batons of Inferno, defying the U. S. Steel Trust.

At the banquet hall, the brass band was playing a welcome as only Mexican bands can, in 9/8 time. The President of the Chamber of Commerce, Jorge Riveroe, presided, and afterwards entertained the way-faring Americans at his famous estate up the mountains, on which is located the celebrated Horsetail Falls. Senor Jose Benitez, Governor of the Province of Neuva Leon, greeted the guests with the gentility of Mexican custom. The Chamber of Commerce speakers told, in modest phrase, the story of what the industries of Monterrey have accomplished, 85% of which are organized by local capital.

On Senor Riveroe's hacienda, there is an old stone cotton mill established by his great-grandfather hailing from Scotland, which manufactures a new cloth made chiefly from Mexican cotton that resembles Palm Beach cloth and is very popular. Nearly all the people in this city are employed in the Riveroe mill—the first industry to take advantage of the power created by the waters from the distant mountains. Something in those rushing waters enlivened the entrancing beauty of the landscape, where tropical fruits were growing beside the pine and cedar and on the banks of clear running mountain streams that suggested New England when small factories held sway in industrial activity.

Here we came in contact with Federico Gamboa, Mexico's popular novel-

ist, who has an enviable reputation in the production of "best sellers." Some of the novels are printed in serial form, with "beauty shoppe" covers of striking colors that resemble the pseudo current magazines which utilize Uncle's Sam's second rate privileges as "current" periodical produced on the cold storage plan. We heard also of the poet Enrique Gonzalez Martinez, formerly Minister of Spain.

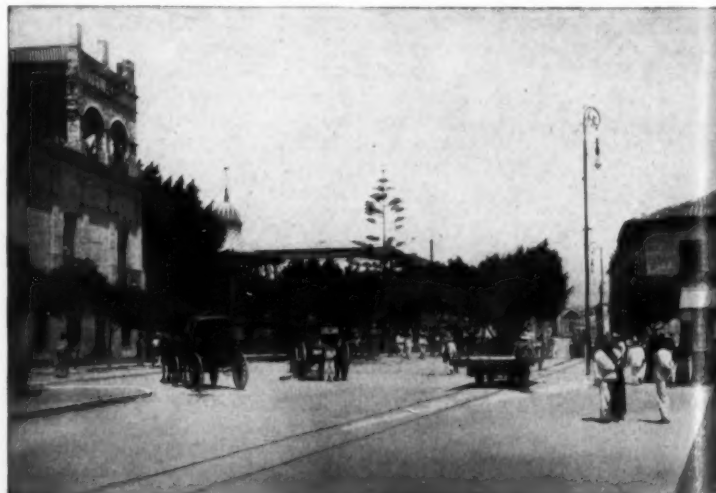
Already accustomed to the foreign tongue, the "trouper" adapted themselves to the ways of this foreign country, and bravely attempted to order their food in Spanish. No matter if onions were brought for eggs, there was never a protest or admission of faulty lexicon.

Occasionally the bride and groom who were on a honeymoon would exclaim, "It all seems like a dream." Here we were in a civilization as ancient as that of the Old World and yet only a step away from the American border, looking upon a complete schedule of sights included in a "round the world tour."

* * *

Good roads in this province from the border have done much to attract American tourists—but this is only one of twenty-seven provinces as widely varied as our own states. The schools are being reestablished at the rate of one per day. Extensive haciendas, including millions of acres, held by Spanish families and handed down for generations since the days of Cortes, were taken over by the Government in exchange for "agrarian bonds." The land was opened for settlement on a plan resembling that of the American homestead laws. In some cases it is working out right and in others all wrong. The difficulty is to get the prospective peon or peasant owners to actually till the land. They are more inclined to speculate on their rights and buy national lottery tickets than to fulfil the purpose of the law.

Everyone seemed to be carrying bundles in Mexico. Going "to and fro" seemed to be the chief occupation. The burro, associated with the Old World life, still holds its own against the inroads of gasoline chariots. This animal is a symbol of Patience. A little long-eared animal costing twenty-five dollars is often the most



A street scene in Alameda, in Cuernavaca

prized possession of families struggling with the problem of feeding the children.

A night's ride brought the "trouper" to Tampico, the magic oil center of the rich semi-tropical state of Tamaulipas. Long ago Tampico achieved the distinction of the most important riverine port of the Republic. In early days it was regarded as a town of premier prospects. Bordering on the banks of the Panuco River is located the most productive region south of the Rio Grande. This area has already proved the greatest oil-producing Pandora Box in the world. At one time eight million barrels a month were being shipped from this busy port. Many of the wells are now closed down, awaiting an adjustment of the leases occasioned by the new laws and a revival of better prices. Tampico experienced all the thrills and ups and downs of a boom town in a flux of revolutions. During the World War, it was the one important world center of oil supply. It is here that Mr. Edward L. Doheny began his operations of the famous Mexican Petroleum Company and the "Pan-Am." The oil camp at Ebano still shows evidences of the flood of "easy money" that followed the advent of "gushers." Labor had its innings. Longshoremen own one of the largest and most beautiful office buildings in the city. A large auditorium occupies one floor. The labor laws have done much to check industrial development and investment of capital. A company cannot discharge an employee without paying him at least three months pay in advance. The taxes have mounted, taxes which in Mexico are euphemistically called by a pleasant word that is translated as "contributions."

The Panuco River half encircles the city, which has a sea of golden oil below, sempiternal blue sky above and a broad ocean on the east. Great natural wealth has been showered upon this area surrounding Tampico, a storm center of revolutions.

A luncheon at the Country Club revealed that "pee wee" golf had made its way across the border, and that the Tampicoans are in the van as an enterprising modern city.

The scenic climax of the trip was the Tamasopo Canyon. The railroad grade is very steep, requiring several locomotives to

haul a train up. It was here that the bandit Villa played havoc in his campaign of pillage. Some of the evidence of revolutionary days were still to be seen in the shape of trains and cars rolled down the mountain side. In this rapid ascent, the track is visible in six places, the grades rising one above the other like terraced gardens. The view was breath-taking in its splendor. Gorgeous and other adjectives seem inadequate for nothing like it have I ever seen from a railroad train in Europe or any other part of the world.

Widely varied strata of vegetation are viewed within a few hours in this upward flight of the Iron Horse. At the very head of the Canyon a little river jumps over in a cascade and defiantly winds its way over the rocks, bowling over great boulders in seething foam, and then drops into the ground and is seen no more for many miles when it unexpectedly appears again. The railroad tunnels in places rise above each other like skyscrapers only a few feet apart. All this time we were traveling among tropical plants and in the midst of coffee trees one minute, and the next looking upon the spiral evergreens of the northland.

Mexico has two score and seven provinces or states, each one distinctive in its people and products. At times there would seem to be very little in common as far as resources and topography are concerned; so widely varied in fact are they that one can find about every sort of view and almost every sort of an interest that attaches to a trip girdling the earth. Indeed, it is a world tour in itself, ranging from the

that contrast sharply with the desolation and poverty in the arid deserts.

The Canyon opens with a graceful contour of friendly mountains and appears like a great book which unfolds leaf by leaf with a new vista, bringing from the trav-



Saddle Mountain, as seen from Monterrey

elers the choruses of "Ohs" and "Ahs" usually associated with pyrotechnic displays on the Fourth of July.

On the crest of the mountains is located the historic city of Cardenas, a strategic point lying between Vera Cruz and Tampico. Here the vista resembles that along the Trans-Siberian Railway with weather at the high altitude as bitterly cold and the landscape as barren as the steppes of Caucasia.

Everywhere Mexico gives evidence that the dominating race is Indian,—not the same race, however, as our own American Indian, but a distinctive type with suggestions of the influence of Oriental origins. While Spain has given to Mexico its language and its religion, it has by no means obliterated the dominant racial impulses of the people. This may account for the fact that Mexico always seems to flourish better with rulers of Indian origin than of non-Indian.

Steadily climbing up this great plateau, the "trouper" found themselves at San Luis Potosi, a great mining center and strategic point in revolutionary calculations. During the days of Cortes, this region was an unconquered area held by the Aztecs. It was then an objective in all military campaigns, because of the rich mines reaching to the north on to Zacatecas where mines have yielded fabulous millions in gold and silver. The Franciscan missionaries established a number of missions here among the San Pedro hills which were world-famous. By reason of the enormous production of gold, the city obtained its name from Potosi in Bolivia, where the richest mines of the Incas days were located. The present city was located in order to secure potable drinking water, not available in the mining district. The climate is cold, as the city is very high, being about six thousand feet above sea level, surrounded with rich primeval forests.

Six visits to Mexico make me feel like a



Street in Cuatla



Church in San Luis Potosi

pioneer. They harked back to the days of Porfirio Diaz, the sturdy ruler with Indian blood who brought to his country stability and an era of prosperity. Now it seemed as if I had left this mundane sphere and returned like Rip Van Winkle—"twenty years after" as they say in the movies.

A new view of Mexico was presented from the air marking the advent of a new dimension in travel experience. The flight is made from Brownsville to Mexico City in four hours, which requires thirty hours by train. Aviation has become well established in our sister republic. The Mexicans seem to have an aptitude for this method of transportation. Space is annihilated according to Einstein's theory. Tortuous trails over the trackless mountains are eliminated in a sweeping journey on an air line which makes even the usual methods of modern travel on earth seem as obsolete as an oxcart. Skimming the blue, faster than the sacred bird which located the City of Mexico, I found myself looking down upon the heights of Chauteppec. These walls were stormed by the president-to-be Zachary Taylor and his troops in the forties, but that is now only a ghostly incident of the past history. Looking down upon that broad expanse of valley flanked by eternal snow-capped mountains, I saluted twin peaks of Popocatepetl and Iztacchihuatl (don't ask me to pronounce them again). They stood out like pearls in a sea of azure blue, like a distant halo hovering over this ancient city built out of a great lake. The bird had alighted on a spot in the center of a large body of water, seventy-three hundred feet above the sea level. To the high priests of the Toltecs it had been revealed that the temple and city must be built where the bird alighted. This necessitated the draining of a great lake covering many square miles. It was done, with the labor of hundreds of thousands of peons, and on the muddy bottom left from the waters that had been drained down the mountain sides, the temple and the city of Mexico were built. This is why it is difficult to

plan high buildings and why the walls of the \$16,000,000 palatial marble theatre have sunk, so that it has required an enormous expenditure of time and money to build a city upon this land of romantic and

motor cars moved like beetles, meandering through wide streets and avenues that appeared like the canal laterals of a huge hill, suddenly uncovered and brought to the light of day. From an altitude of eight



Juanacatlan Falls, Mexico

even sacred origin. The canals reach out in all directions on to Xochimilco, with its floating flower gardens with streets of water suggestive of Venice. This is a reminder of how the original site of the capital city appeared in the glorious centuries of civilization antedating the Christian era.

From this eerie height in airplanes, the "trouper" chewed gum vigorously in order to avoid seasickness, but were repaid with an impressive view that rivaled the Pisgah's heights in the days of Moses. The capital city of Mexico far below was teeming with the same activity as in the golden days of the Montezumas. The people on the streets seemed like tiny insects, and the

thousand feet shooting down to one thousand feet varied the view and the temperature. In a glance, the eye swept the area of the entire capital district, which is organized and conducted much the same as our District of Columbia. In addressing a letter, you mark it "Mexico, D. F." identified by the Mexican postman as the capital city of the Republic.

Landing at an airport adjoining that in which Lindbergh was welcomed as an ambassador of good will soon after his epochal flight to Paris, we took the cotton out of our ears and "talked" Spanish. Before Lindy first arrived the people remained in the field for hours, reaching into days, from sunrise to sunset, awaiting the coming of the Lone Eagle with his message of good will from Uncle Sam. He came frequently during his courting days.

Here and there along the highways were grim reminders of the earthquake, the crevices in the land telling the story of the many times that the City of Mexico has been built and rebuilt during the centuries. The plains were covered with surface water, suggesting the old lake. The horizon reached out into vast plains where millions of acres have been cultivated for ages, supporting a population of many millions before Columbus reached America.

When the "trouper" arrived at the St. Regis Hotel, the first order of the day was a group photograph. Natives took pictures of the party on arrival and had them ready to sell at "uno peso" before the guests had broken their eggs for breakfast. It required six minutes at this altitude to boil a two minute egg. Thereafter wherever the "trouper" went a camera brigade would follow, and we felt as distinguished as a hopeful nominee making his first campaign plunge. Before the



Aztec Pyramid of The Sun at San Juan Teotihuacan

party could leave they were sold pictures of themselves taken with all the unction of those in the Pirie Macdonald studio on Fifth Avenue, but on much the same plan as the Coney Island photographer who cap-

products. In glimpsing what was offered for sale in the shops, it was difficult at times to realize that we were in a foreign country. Each individual of the party had a different notion as to what constituted a

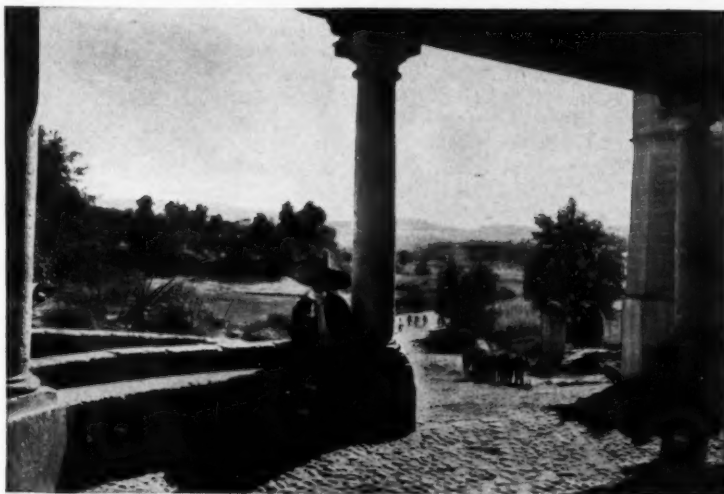
Now it is moved far out of the city and there is no longer the dark mysterious atmosphere of a "Thieves' Market." It has become a sort of rendezvous for a sprinkling of old relics, with a liberal supply of goods from the "ten cent store line." Cement walks, electric lights and sanitation have entirely eliminated the peculiar and alluring atmosphere of the old time haunts of the light-fingered gentry. I walked away with a cane said to have been used by Porfirio Diaz which one of his servants had "contributed."

The new building of the Banco de Mexico, trimmed with black onyx, is a most imposing modern banking room. Money is exchanged in the twinkling of an eye, and the increasing industrial and commercial interest of Mexico cared for by their own bank.

If you are ever going to Mexico, you had better hurry up if you want to see something of the quaint old country of the Aztecs. The transformation to modern things and ways is going on rapidly. Thousands and tens of thousands of peons who used to wear the rough wooden sandals tied on their feet are now wearing shoes made in the U. S. A. and in their own country. In many of the villages which I visited years ago, the change was marked, for even the children were supplied with shoes, and were remarkably well-dressed, according to the mode of the latest fashion plates in American periodicals.

One thing seemed to be cheap in Mexico as compared with the United States—perfumery. There is, first of all, a great market for this line, and, secondly, there is no duty on this product. Beauty shops and radios have made their appearance, furnishing what are already being listed with automobiles as necessities in Mexico.

From the towering broadcasting station XEW (X is a distinctive letter in connection with the original Aztecs) programs are now being broadcast with all the verve and vigor of the studios on Fifth Avenue in New York. Music predominates in the pro-



A picturesque farm home in old Mexico

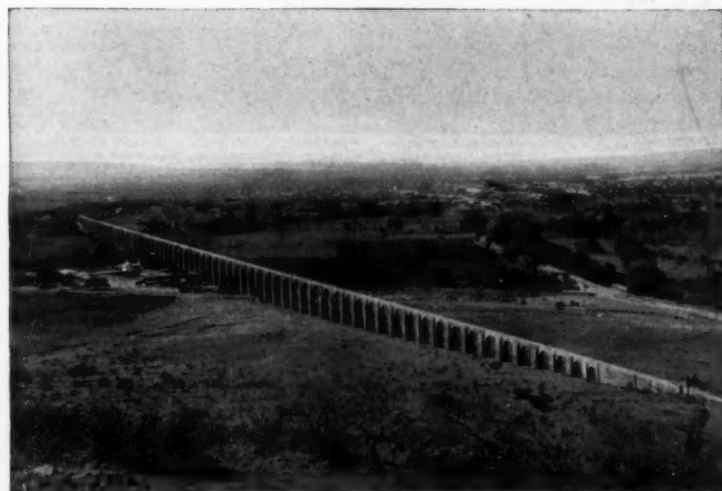
dures his customers in the gala day spirit of wanting a real memento of "we two," recalling the hours of merrymaking.

Coffee with goat's milk and a tortilla, a sort of handmade hammered tough pancake, supplied the "piece de resistance," much as the plebeian potato has its distinctive place of honor in the menu of our Irish friends. The shopping campaign was begun in a whirlwind rush after "money changers." The zerape merchants plied their trade at the very threshold of the door with the persistence of book agents. Postcards dispatched—the "trouper" observed on the bulletin that there was no time for *siestas*. Chief Get-There had arranged a schedule that required moving quickly and "on time." Strenuous attention was required or "it was just too bad," for loiterers were left behind—as the Rotarians drop members if they miss paying for food three successive times.

In the Alameda Park near at hand with its beautiful shades of autumnal green blended with the rich green foliage of the Tropics, the statues gleamed out in the shrubbery revealing monuments commemorating historical events with chronological fidelity. The very atmosphere of the City of Mexico is surcharged with statuary life. Contrasts are marked, for near the marble Palace and the palatial bank buildings furnished in rich onyx were the little shacks and stands of the legions who make their living by selling in piecemeal bits out of their entire stock of goods, costing a few pesos, which surrounds them as they sit on the sidewalk. A peso is the equivalent of fifty cents, and a shopping standard was established as Americans foregathered in the quarters of the gay old Jockey Club, now transformed into a department store. The show windows revealed the popularity and wide distribution of American-made

"souvenir." In the round-up it was disclosed that the list included everything from a tiny peso pin or beads to a room equipped with furniture and rugs. The bridal couple was provided by friends with unusual foresight with an Indian-made high chair and papoose hammock.

Things have certainly changed in old Mexico City—there is no longer a "Thieves' Market" near the hotel to go to and bargain for some rare old stolen jewels that were collected in this traditional "fence" for the busy and enterprising light-fingered profession. It was currently reported by them that business is bad—and they lay it to threatened "Prohibition" of larceny.



An ancient aqueduct in Mexico

grams, for political speeches are not quite the vogue under the restrictions made by the Government.

Driving down the shaded avenues leading to Chapultepec, the "trouper" were entertained at the Castle by President Ortiz Rubio. This ancient pile was remodeled by Maximilian and his queen Carlotta, and shows the marked influence of the brief French regime in affairs Mexican. The offices are on the first floor, and on the second floor are the living rooms of the President. Furnishings of the last Empress of Mexico are still retained. From the outside of ornate stained glass windows and picturesque balconies we obtained a view of the surrounding gardens that enthralls one with the lure of Mexico that fascinated European royalty to the point of risking their lives and fortunes. From here the ill-fated emperor Maximilian met his fate that terminated in his execution, while his queen Charlotte looked upon the scenes of her brief reign in Mexico. She had brought with her the artistic French genius that designed the Mexican costume in vogue at this time. Eliminating the broad ends of the trousers, she rebuilt the Spanish costumes a la Mexican—that continues on right to the shoes.

When the President of Mexico first met the "trouper" he was on the balcony above and gave them a wave of greeting that carried with it the sincerity of friendliness.

At the reception given by President Ortiz Rubio, the Chief Executive wore horn-rimmed glasses and a purple tie. A pleasing personality, he impressed each one with a hearty friendly greeting. The scars of the wound from the dastardly attempt at assassination by a student-waiter, were still visible, but they do not disfigure his benign and attractive features. Senora Rubio was at his side and received the party with a cordial hospitality of the days of the Mexican hacienda. On the Steinway piano, with the red cloth, was a portrait of President Hoover. Outside on the quaint terraces overlooking the entrancing gardens in which fountains played, one could almost feel that he was a part of the setting of some grand opera, with scenes set to represent mediaeval times. The lack of guards and the formalities that prevailed in the old Porfirio Diaz days indicated that our sister Republic is moving forward to a real democracy in government.

The parks surrounding the castle are open to the public and are filled with people every Sunday enjoying themselves as the throngs do on Boston Common or Central Park. They enjoy lakes and woods which in earlier days were reserved exclusively for the Emperor and succeeding presidents, as if they really owned the place.

Attired in best bib and tucker, the "trouper" foregathered at the American Embassy for the premier social event of the tour. The handsome building with spacious grounds now constituting the U. S. A. Embassy and the recent home of Hon. Dwight W. Morrow, was given to the United States government by Mr. E. L. Doheny during the halcyon oil days in the Wilson administration. A portion of the famous band which had made a recent tour of the United States was present in

gay costumes, providing music peculiarly attractive, with its lilt of the nine-eight time. They did not forget "La Paloma," which had its first vogue in the United States when the Mexican Band played at the World Fair Columbian Exposition in 1893. The band not only played brass horns but all sorts of peculiarly shaped instruments, ranging from the simple guitar to the marimba, and sang with the heartiness of a band of gaily belted Carusos. They sang as did the seniors in the old days while serenading the señoritas peering out through the iron grill work—under the watchful eye of chaperones.

Ambassador and Mrs. Morrow and their daughter, Miss Constance, received the party in that hearty way characteristic of the man and the American that he is. The presence of a large representation of Mexican official society bespoke the popularity of the ambassador, who took up his mission with the purpose of liking the Mexicans. They in turn responded to that feeling of friendliness. While it was an afternoon tea, it was sumptuous enough for a dinner, but the fashionable dinner hour in Mexico does not arrive until nine or ten-thirty P. M., following the good old custom in Spain. At this late hour various courses follow in exact precision with the formalities of a ritual. Each glass and spoon must perform its function in the "eating thereof." They used enough dishes in serving one person at a dinner in Mexico to fit out an apartment house in New York. The gay racketeers from Galveston, Texas, viewed the rare old household plate and exhibit of dishes that extended from the old-fashioned generous obese soup tureen to the latest mode of butter plate and dainty toothpick—for you can still pick your teeth decorously at a Mexican dinner.

My room in the hotel reminded me of old Spain, with windows and doors, full-length of glass, and high ceilings. The sun came in at one wing where the sunrise glowed upon a second story patio. Birds seemed to sing in unison with blooming flowers. The opposite side of the room in this Spanish home opened to the beauties of a sunset, where a busy parrot mimicked the mournful hooting of an owl to make the witching nocturnal hours more real. The only fault with the room that I could find was that "Chief Get-There" would not allow me to remain there long enough for my beauty sleep or enjoy one full pipe in meditation. Six hours was the time allotted for sleep by one Thomas Edison—and we were "operated" on lighting schedule.

Reminders of the old days in the U. S. A. came when I saw crowds foregathered in a rush at the bar in the saloons. So many were making gainful occupation of selling lottery tickets, from which the government receives a goodly revenue, besides circulating now and then a fortune to some lucky ticket holder. The lottery and the saloon have passed in the U. S. A. (Right here you can begin your wet and dry argument. Take your choice, but remember what passes—passes in this good old U. S. A.—Uncle Sam takes no steps backwards.)

Out for an O. O. McIntyre walk, bedecked with a cane, I found the street merchants out early hoping for a stray penny and an

American customer. Some of the shop windows do not lift their iron shutters until nine o'clock. Plate glass windows were preserved during the revolution by this precaution. The significant thing now is that the shutters are being eliminated, for the advantage of the lighted show windows at night is being recognized in Mexico.

In the early morning we were off for Cuernavaca with a police escort—an inspiring line of Pontiac cars—Indian names are popular in Mexico. The historic old city in Mexico which Cortes made his home in the new empire was ready to receive the "trouper" with cameras. It is said to have the most perfect all year round climate in the world. (California and Florida papers please copy). Showers of varied shades of bourgainvillea clambered over the walls. The entrance to the ancient capital city with its old buildings on the terrace seemed like the replica of Spanish life in the sixteenth century. The old palace in which Cortes had lived and the many old churches covered with the moss of centuries stood, some crumbled and broken in quakes, but still defiant of Time's invasion. The summer home of Ambassador Morrow was located here, where many important conferences were held. The altitude is lower than that of the City of Mexico. It was here that Colonel Lindbergh made his real flight into the great romance of his eventful life, and in the tender moonlight he wooed and won, as others have won fair señoritas in the land that Cortes conquered. It was here also that Will Rogers was a guest of Ambassador Morrow. Tradition has it that the cud of gum is still preserved on the bedstead, in the room he vacated when the young aerial Lockinvar knight from the North arrived.

As the favorite retreat of Carlotta, the last queen who transformed as if by magic the famous Borda Gardens into a fairyland, another page from the history of the royalty of France, Cuernavaca has its stories of court intrigue. The walls and the fountains now in disuse still reflect the splendor of this entrancing New World rendezvous of a royal line that rivals even the glories of Versailles at its best—or worst, as one may want to put it.

Dropping in at the newspaper office in Cuernavaca, I secured a copy of the latest issue of a Cuernavaca paper, and found they recorded local doings and sayings of the people the same as in our own country. A young magistrate educated in the United States was present and commented interestingly on the literary tastes of his country. The old presses and equipment had come from Germany and included a ruling machine that had arrived in the days when people were precise and insisted that stationery was not prepared to write upon or to be read until it was properly "ruled."

Luncheon was enjoyed that day, overlooking the historic square where Cortes and his legions with clanking armor, sabres and guns responded to the high call familiar to the soldiers of the Philips of Spain. Yellow flowers of peaceful beauty now dominated, and yellow tables and chairs were all aglow with the sunshine colors of Cuernavaca. Another introduction to Mexican food encouraged the gay

"Doc" Kendall, Grand Old Man of Sportdom

For over half a century this seventy-six year young Boston sportsman has been a figure in the athletic world. In two other avocations—dog-fancying and horticulture—Dr.

Kendall has earned international renown

WHY has the sporting column of past generations evolved into pages? Why is it now read by the ninety per cent instead of the ten? The country has moved sportward in these later days because of the Crusaders of the Open Air and the growing zest and love of glorious outdoor physical activity. How the average span of life has been extended in this country and the cloistered curtains of old age have been pushed back for several decades, is shown by recent statistics as well as personal observations. This accomplishment of civilization is due in large part to a universal interest in athletics, launched and maintained by veterans who defer life's finale by a whole-hearted devotion to exercise and sport.

* * *

Walter Gardner Kendall, D.D.S., perennial sportsman, dog fancier, and horticulturist, is probably the youngest man for his age in the country. He has discovered the land of perpetual youth, and has discovered it in his own back yard and on the athletic field.

"Doc" Kendall, as he is known to his friends, is one of the most remarkable figures in the world of sports. For forty-three years he has acted as Captain of the Boston Bicycle Club, having been continually and annually elected to that office since 1887. He belongs to innumerable athletic societies, and enjoys the distinction of being a charter member of the Wollaston Golf Club, founded in 1895, and other clubs. Achievements are not exclusively of the past with Dr. Kendall, for today he is recognized as a leader in amateur sports, officiating at most of the athletic meets in and about Boston. In addition to his numerous duties, he finds time to engage in regular sporting activities, particularly cycling, golfing, fishing, hunting and swimming.

That is a voluminous enough record for any one man. Nevertheless, "Doc" Kendall has achieved distinction in other fields foreign to sport, any one of which would alone win for him fame. In the first place, he has been a notable success in his vocation, dentistry, but it is in his several avocations that he is best known. An originator of the Boston Terrier, since 1878 he

has been a chief breeder of this dog, and, since 1898, of the French Bulldog. For over forty-five years he has produced prize-winning fruit on his acre at Atlantic, Massachusetts, and today is everywhere regarded as a leading authority on grapes.

Having attained the ripe old age of seventy-six years, Dr. Kendall might well be expected to commence contemplating retirement from his active life. On the con-

his entire life. A few years ago, however, he was incapacitated for a short while after he had undertaken to wrestle with an opponent who was fifty years his junior and had a weight advantage of one hundred pounds, "Doc" being pretty well churned up during the tussle.

Perhaps the most spectacular activity of Dr. Kendall is his participation in the annual "Wheel-About-the-Hub." Let us twirl the pages of time back to 1884, when the second tour of the Boston Bicycle Club was staged, to the astonishment of the staid inhabitants of the city of Boston. Down the street came a procession of strange vehicles, each surmounted by a young man hazardously perched atop a great wheel, five feet in diameter, endeavoring to guide this "high bicycle" along the treacherous, gullied roads. The daily papers explained what the parade was—it was the so-called "Wheel-About-the-Hub" of the Boston Bicycle Club, the first organization of its kind in the country and the second in the world, formed in 1878 to promote their interest in the "new-fangled" means of transportation. Boston's journals covered the progress of the cyclists on the tour to the last detail, just as they had done on the first tour six years before. At that time, in the city of Hingham, when the cyclists had gone through the vicinity, fire alarm bells had been rung, school adjourned, and a sort of holiday declared. A newspaper bulletin had recorded this news: "Bicyclists arrive in Randolph; only four dropped out; no fatalities, yet." Among the riders on this second tour was a sturdy young man, just turned thirty, named Walter G. Kendall, who had joined the club a year after it had been organized.

From 1884 to 1930 the "Wheel-About-the-Hub" has taken place annually without a miss. Credit for this record is invariably accorded to "Doc" Kendall, whose enthusiasm for the idea has carried it on all these years. He himself has a record in this connection that is remarkable. Except for one year when he was in Europe, he has ridden his bicycle on each tour during the past forty-six years, a tour lasting two days—no mean feat for a septuagenarian. His endurance record as an office-holder in the club is nearly unique:



Dr. Walter Gardner Kendall with one of his greatest dogs, Squanto II. A painting by Frank H. Tompkins

trary, the good Doctor is as busy as ever and is even looking forward to new activities. To date he has not been able to curb his love of sport, for this year he led the 52nd annual "Wheel-About-the-Hub," his 45th, of the Boston Bicycle Club. Again, on October twelfth of this year, "Doc" plunged in the icy waters of Wellfleet Bay for a long swim, exulting that the other members of the party "couldn't keep me out." His rigorous outdoor life has had a healthy effect on Dr. Kendall—he hasn't suffered a single day of illness in

he has been annually and uninterruptedly elected Captain of the Boston Bicycle Club (at present of one hundred and fifty members) since 1887, a period of forty-three years.

On the registry of birth, in the town of Woburn, Massachusetts, is the name of one Walter Gardner Kendall, born on July 1, 1854. The year of his birth could hardly be indicated in a glimpse at the man of today, for his robust physical condition and youthful enthusiastic outlook would seem to place him a good deal nearer the fifty-year than the eighty-year mark. The secret is revealed in the story of his athletic life, for from his earliest days he has loved and reveled in the outdoors. In his childhood and youthhood he was continually encouraged to engage in sports, his father coaching him into a skilled boxer, fencer and shooter. With a fever for fishing he knew practically every trout stream in the county and thought nothing of walking ten miles or more to promising brooks.

In a recent address Dr. Kendall described the history of sports of a half century ago, intermixed with his own experiences, an address partially quoted in the following:

"In my younger days we helped to build the sporting era that you are now enjoying. When I was a boy, there was no organized baseball, tennis, or golf. We enjoyed skating, bird nesting, swimming and trapping. My father, a famous sportsman brought me up to love outdoor life. I never was a sissy. As a result I have never had a sick day in my life. The first professional baseball nine that came to Boston was the Cincinnati Red Stockings, in 1869. I saw them play on Boston Common near where my office is now located. We boys played a game called 'Rounders.' We used a soft ball and a flat bat. Stakes were used for bases and a player was out when an opponent hit him with the ball. Baseball was brought back by the men who returned from the Civil War. The catcher stood as far back from the batter as the pitcher stood in front. There were no gloves, chest protectors, or masks. The catcher caught the ball on the bounce and a ball caught on the first bounce in the field meant out for the batter.

"With George Wright and a few others, I was among the first to play golf in this part of the country, and the clubs we used, imported from England, would look impossible to the present generation of players. Then we formed the Wollaston Golf Club and started golf in this country. The Wollaston Golf Club recently made me an honorary life member, which is nice because I don't have to pay any dues.

"When I was a lad the youngsters didn't go in for athletics. I did. I was considered a tough nut. Mothers wouldn't let their children go near that Walter Kendall. I specialized in husky play. My father taught me to swim soon after I learned to walk. He took me out over my depth, dumped me, and somehow I got to shore. I became a strong swimmer and, before I was 18 years of age, I saved three people from drowning. The Massachusetts Humane Society wanted to present me

with a medal, but I very foolishly refused. I have over 50 medals now and I would give a lot to have that one to add to it."

Despite his many extra-curricular activities, Walter Kendall found time to study for his life occupation. In 1872 he graduated from the high school in Dorchester, where his family had moved, and in 1881 received his degree from the Boston Dental College, of which he is now a Fellow. He has achieved a notable success in dentistry, but his several avocations have given him his greatest country-wide fame.

Except for polo, "Doc" Kendall has par-



"Doc" Kendall about to enjoy a trip on his bicycle, his favorite vehicle

ticipated in practically every sport played on the two hemispheres. He firmly believes in actual participation in games, and decries the popular tendency to sit in the grandstand and "play by proxy." As he puts it, "I want to get out and play myself," and the good Doctor yields to this urge. His firm figure is a familiar sight on the golf links. No old-timers' tournament is complete without him. When he once advised his hearers in an address to "get out and ride a bike if you would be healthy," he gave no "do-as-I-say-not-as-I-do" advice, for he still rides a bicycle as others use motor cars—not only on the "Wheel-About-the-Hub" but also on his way to the golf links and elsewhere. During the month of October, 1930, despite the inclement weather, he indulged in his three loves, hunting, fishing and swimming.

Dr. Kendall has played an important role in the affairs of organized sport. He was an organizer of the Boston Athletic Association and of the Boston Arena Club. He perennially officiates at all the swimming and track meets in his section of the country, and has served as Chief

Judge of all National and New England boxing championship tournaments since their inception. (Boxing, by the way, is the only indoor sport that "Doc" tolerates). Among the committees on which he has served are these: the governing and the boxing committees of the American Athletic Union, and the membership and the athletic committees of the Boston Athletic Association. Two other organizations he belongs to may be mentioned in passing—the Veterans Massachusetts Militia and the Society of Mayflower Descendants, the Doctor having joined this society by virtue of his Mayflower ancestry, Elder Brewster, the famous Pilgrim clergyman, being a progenitor on the maternal side.

"Premier Sportsman" is a title that probably none could lay better claim to than Dr. Kendall, looking at the matter from the standpoint of the length of time in participation as well as the standpoint of accomplishments. Others have temporarily attained a more dazzling brilliance in the athletic skies, only to flicker quickly out—but "Doc" Kendall has kept going, and going strong, for over sixty years. He has taken an important part in so many sports, and hung up such notable records in some of them, that a recital of his activities sounds as if several men are being described. He has been a fisherman of note. For instance, in 1902 he caught a 270-pound bass on a light rod off Catalina Island, a record catch, the battle for the fish lasting for more than two hours. One of his proudest distinctions is that he is the only living man who ever pulled a bluefish out of Boston Harbor, his catch having been made in 1864. "Doc" Kendall's cycling record is extraordinary, even overlooking his leadership in the annual "Wheel-About-the-Hub" and in the Boston Bicycle Club as its perennial Captain. In 1900 the Boston Athletic Association awarded him a gold medal for covering the most mileage—5155 miles—on his bicycle in less than six months, thus winning the club championship.

Today "Doc" is one of the oldest bike riders in the entire country. In addition, he still shoots and swims with youthful vigor.

For several decades the "King of Gentlemen and Sports," as the good Doctor has been called, has been conspicuous in the annals of golf. One of the first golfers in the country, he enjoys the honor of being a charter member in several golf associations, namely: the Wollaston Golf Club, founded in 1895, the Dental Golf Association, and the New England Senior Golf Association. He was elected an honorary life member of the Wollaston Club, as well as of the Newspaper Golf Association—"Doc" being thereby the only non-journalistic member of this body. He has frequently served as an official in the golf organizations. For the past twenty-five years "Doc" Kendall has been a prominent participant in the annual Old-Timers Tournament sponsored by his long-time associate George Wright. Although "Doc" won this tournament ten years ago, such an accomplishment on the links is not ordin-

ary, a fact which his newspaper friends frequently seize upon in order to chide the genial Doctor. But, whatever his proficiency, the sportsman of Atlantic is a genuine golfer and goes the whole length on the course, sometimes playing even thirty-six holes at a stretch, unlike the majority of elderly golfers who generally limit their round to nine holes.

Dr. Kendall's interests are by no means confined to sports. Two interests, foreign to athletics, are increasingly absorbing the attention of the seventy-six year old sportsman: dog-breeding and horticulture.

"Dean of the Boston Terrier and French Bull fancies" is the title bestowed on Dr. Kendall some years ago by his associates in the dog world. His contributions to the fancying of Boston Terriers are outstanding. The "Dean" was one of the first breeders of this dog, establishing the Squantum Kennels at Atlantic in 1887, making them the "oldest kennels in America." At that time the Boston Terrier was a disreputable animal; now it is one of the most popular breeds in the shows, a transformation due in large part to the versatile Doctor's work of over fifty years. His most famous canine line was the "Squanto", named, of course, after the kennels at Atlantic, which consistently produced prize-winners. One of these, "Squanto XXXX" alone won 144 ribbons. Since its inception in 1891, "Doc" Kendall (now an honorary life member) has been the only continuous member of the Boston Terrier Club, which awarded him a gold medal in 1924 with the following words: "The prominence of the Boston Terrier as the best all-round dog is due more to the efforts and example of Dr. Kendall than to any other person now alive."

In the same year a similar tribute was paid him by the French Bulldog Club of New England, which gave him a gold medal with this inscription "To Walter Gardner Kendall, pioneer and leader in the development of the French Bulldog in America." "Doc" Kendall was one of the earliest breeders of this dog in America, securing his first French Bulldog in 1898. Like his Boston Terriers, his French Bulldogs have won a huge collection of awards. While speaking of Dr. Kendall's fancying, his work with pigeons should be mentioned. At the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 the pigeons he exhibited won all the prizes in their classes, although his breeding of these creatures has been largely superseded by his dog fancying since that time. His work with the canine world has developed in him such a familiarity with the ways of dogs that a few years ago, during a discussion of the subject, he asserted that he was ready to be bitten by any dog said to be mad and to wager one thousand dollars that he would not contract hydrophobia, a challenge that, although often repeated, no one has taken up.

An interest that has received much of Dr. Kendall's attention is horticulture. About forty-five years ago he began to cultivate prize fruit, and year after year his grapes, gooseberries, pears, and other products of his garden have taken prizes

at the exposition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. His grapes alone have consistently won awards in recent years at the Horticultural Society's shows—the President's Cup, gold medals, and money prizes. The highest honor bestowable by the Society—the Centennial Medal—was awarded Dr. Kendall for "eminent service in pomology." As a leading authority on grapes in America, the versatile sportsman wrote a booklet in 1926 on "Grape Culture by the Amateur," which was published by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society and distributed all over the world as an authoritative document on the subject. He has the distinction of being the only one who has succeeded in growing Black Hamburg grapes out of doors in this section of the country. On the one-acre plot by his home in Atlantic, Dr. Kendall has grown practically every variety of fruit that will stand the latitude there, including some fifty varieties of grapes. "The Burbank of the East" is a title sometimes applied to the athletic horticulturist, but he denies its appropriateness, maintaining that he is not an originator and that he simply carries on others' ideas.

An intimate friend of the late "Chinese" Wilson, who was known world-wide for his association with the Arnold Arboretum, Dr. Kendall found in this relationship one of the inspirations for his busy life. Many

an hour have they spent talking over the marvels and miracles of nature, the trees, and flowers. After Dr. Wilson's tragic death the distinction fell upon Dr. Kendall to compose verses in memory of his friend.

The Kendall home, a red house that sets back from Atlantic Street in the town of the same name, is a Mecca for several groups of vastly different interests. First, there are the cyclists, who always partake of the Doctor's hospitality during the annual "Wheel-About-the-Hub." Here at his house is stored the only collection of high old-type bicycles in the country, his entire collection ranging in type from the earliest style of the two-wheel cycle to the present day model. Again, the Kendall domain is a Mecca for geological students, for a great chasm, called the Kettle Hole, dug during the Glacial Age, covers almost half of Dr. Kendall's one-acre estate. Of course, too, dog fanciers and horticulturists galore beat a path to his kennels and gardens.

It is a pleasure and an inspiration to converse with the genial and versatile sportsman. His enthusiasm for athletics is contagious and irresistible. Somehow or other, throughout all these years, he has retained, if not magnified, his complete interest in outdoor living, an interest that is enjoyed by most persons early in life but is later lost in the pell-mell of the busi-

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Dr. Kendall and George Wright, two of the earliest golf players in America

Insurrectos in Chihuahua

A stirring story of revolution in Mexico related by the famous novelist, portraying a tendency that is fast disappearing in the new civilization of that country

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

THE glare of a four o'clock Texan sun lay over the construction buildings like a close, stifling blanket. There was a rent in the blanket, a long rip of blue shadow streaming to the northeast, as if the sheet-iron peak of the big construction shed, long since abandoned by the constructors, had gashed the hot fabric. Five men sat with their backs against the shed or lay flat on the ground in this shadow, idle.

Three of the men were Mexicans—two of these frankly "greasers," with the generic discrepancy between the vest and trousers filled with a generous overflow of soiled shirt, faces oily with the spring heat, hair unkempt. The third was of a finer drawing, a type of the intellectual Latin. The other two of the five were Americans—one of them well-dressed, cheerful, irresponsible, the excitement of new things still strongly upon him, drawing erratically at a brown pipe chased with a fraternity monogram as he watched the trail which lay like a wire without a bend to the skyline. The other American, the fifth man of the little *junta*—one of the innumerable covert needle points of rebellion which prick the borders of Mexico—even a casual observer might have known that the fifth man was the first—the hub around which the others played as spokes.

This man was of an indeterminate age, old in the gray over his ears, young in the look of his eyes, and the strength of his throat. When he walked, his left leg seemed to drag a little behind the other. He rolled an occasional cigarette, not wetting it with his tongue but crimping it dry after the manner of the far South, throwing each away after two or three puffs. His legs were incased in puttees, giving place to leather trousers above the knees. Long caped gloves lay on the ground at his side. He also watched the trail.

Alvarez was reading aloud from a day-old paper. Alvarez was the third Mexican, the agent of the central *junta*, and provisional mayor of a little town some four hundred miles to the south—a town he had never seen. The others listened and watched the trail as he read in a droning monotone:

"El Paso, Texas, ——. There is current here today a rumor to the effect that insurrectionary activities have been resumed in the State of Chihuahua, where a band of 160 rebels under the command of Francisco Rosas is reported to have surprised and routed two companies of federal troops in the hills near Pueblo Blanco. The insurrectos afterward retired to their base in the mountains, where they are supposed to be recruiting. This sudden activity was entirely unlooked for, as it was understood that Rosas was without sufficient arms and ammunition to make a demonstration. Where their equipment was acquired is unknown, and the government

has again importuned Washington for a closer patrol of the border. Newspaper men and the military alike are beginning to believe in some mysterious and more than usually effective agency for supplying the rebels with the means of warfare, as it seems impossible that any assistance should have penetrated through the apparently perfect blockade which has been maintained along the line of late. Nevertheless, filibustering evidently continues. Officials are at sea—"

Guilder, the American with the brown pipe, broke in.

"At sea—they might as well be under it," he jeered. "Isn't it all mysterious and wonderful—eh, Fred? I wonder what the 'newspapermen and the military alike' would look like if they knew what the 'agency' really is. I'll bet they'd faint."

The lame man, addressed as Fred, crimped a cigarette.

"You might as well remember that my name is Tom Horne," he suggested, lowering his voice. "You can't make too sure of it's not leaking out some time when it would matter. But I am glad Rosas got away with that deal—it looks more like results."

"That's right. You know if they'd leave it to you, you'd finish the whole business in no time."

"Maybe—and maybe not. You can be as cocky as you please, but I want to give you a bit of news. I hear the Twenty-seventh has a 'plane' down at Mancos, a three-passenger Wright, with a wireless aboard. Of course it's a double-decker, pretty heavy for scouting, and they couldn't hold a candle to a monoplane like Nancy in there"—pointing over his shoulder at the interior of the shed—"but still, they'll be snooping around now, and things are going to be a bit more fancy, I have an idea."

Alvarez broke in, with the mechanically faultless English of an educated foreigner.

"There is more of the reading."

"Shoot ahead."

"It is believed here that the aim of the revolutionists is the taking of Pueblo Blanco, one of the principal towns of Chihuahua, and a strategic point, capture of which would mean practical control of the province. It is now garrisoned only by the remnant of the two companies defeated in last week's fight, and would be an easy prey for the insurrectos, were they to beleague it before the arrival of the reinforcements now on their way from the capital. General Garcia is believed to be moving toward the city from the east with a large body of rebels, and it is supposed that Rosas will probably move against the railroad bridge at Rio Chico, destruction of which would stall the federal forces some forty miles south of the town, giving Garcia time to move

upon it. Rosas, however, is understood to be without dynamite."

The agent's voice dropped, and he smiled grimly behind his mustachios as he glanced with meaning at the lame man. The latter's eyes left the trail and focussed quizzically on the toe of his boot.

"What do you think of that—about the Chico bridge?" he asked.

The college man spoke up with ready confidence.

"Why, they've got to blow higher'n high, that's all."

"True. But the chap that wrote that skit 'understands' Rosas hasn't any dynamite—and I know he hasn't. What's the answer?"

For a moment no one of the five spoke. A sudden confounding thought had come to the young man; Alvarez puddled the dust at his feet with the end of his riding crop; the "greasers" smoked, stolid and uncomprehending. Finally Guilder broke out:

"My God, Horne, you can't do it. Not with dynamite."

"I can do it if it has to be done." His voice was quiet and even, his eyes fixed on the road. "They've brought Mausers down that trail when they were needed—cartridge cases when they were needed—medicine when it was needed—and I've taken them over every time. Tonight they'll bring dynamite—wait and see if I'm not right." He got to his feet, picked up his gloves, dusted his trousers and entered the shed. The interior was in a dim half-light, a straight line of blackness showing where the canvas wings of a monoplane racer lay at rest. The lame man's hand fell on a slender rod of the tapering tail half affectionately, and he smiled at his own sentiment.

"There's a fine chance this'll be our last jaunt, Old Girl," he mused.

"Why do you do it, Fred?" It was the boy, who had followed.

"Perhaps it's for love of the game. Or perhaps it's because some of my granddads went on a bat at a place called Lexington and spent the 'morning after' at a certain Valley Forge. Anyhow, you know a great many more people die in bed than anywhere else. Moral—never go to bed." He winked whimsically at the younger man.

"But this is too much. It doesn't give you a show—"

"I didn't have a show in Venezuela, or when they were giving me that little party against the white wall in Cuba, but still, you see I'm here with nothing much wrong but a leg. And to think—I might pass on with a touch of indigestion, any day."

Later. The moon hung low in the west, shooting the shadow of the shed far out over the plain toward the first faint signs of the coming morn. The lame man sat propped against the building, his eyes alternately on

the white trail and the slender black lines of the machine poised in the shadow. He had seen to every part of it with scrupulous care after the sun had set. Now he watched. The others lay on the ground near him. It was long now since they had lost faith in his prediction that they would come that night—"they" being the general term for the obscure sources of the contraband of war which ever and anon came down the trail. But he watched. He could not bring himself to believe "they" would slip upon this impressive occasion.

His vigil was awarded by a blur of dust, hazy in the oblique on the skyline. He pulled out his watch and examined its face with a frown of concern. It was going to be bad—bad. He could scarcely make the Rio Grande now before light, and beyond that he would have to pass through a ten-mile strip of dangerous country. He might wait till the following night—and that might be one night too late to stop that regiment of federals on their way from the capital and give Garcia his chance to strike a telling blow for the cause. If "they" could only have been a little quicker, well, they probably knew. He roused the sleepers.

There was no time lost after the arrival of the converted ore wagon. Ten minutes after the Mexican driver jumped down from the box, the lame man sat in the driving seat of the racer, juggling the controls to make sure that everything was right. Guilder came up and rested his hands on the propeller.

"If anything happens to you down there, I'll come in and fight the whole republic," he vowed.

"If anything happens to me down there," echoed the other, "it will be entirely painless, and neither I nor anyone within a radius of a hundred yards will ever suspect that anything has occurred. So long." The lame man spoke a word and four pair of hands sent him away.

Once fairly in the air, he breathed more easily, despite the confidence in his last speech. He had gotten away without a tremor, and he realized it was well he had. His right hand left the wheel and slid over the case on the crating alongside his knee. A delicate burden that—ninety pounds of it there and ninety on the other side—and he must eventually come down, in what kind of country for lighting, Heaven only knew. He speculated vaguely on how far away he would go if the tires under him struck a rut when he came to the ground.

He was going fast—very fast. The night was still as only a southwestern night can be still, and that was in his favor now—how long the calm would last he began to wonder as his eye took in a long black line of storm cloud, coming up out of the western rim of the great bowl. He shook his head. It grew too fast—that line.

He flew low, filling his lungs to the utmost in sheer enjoyment of the warm, sweet air streaming steadily past his face. The storm could wait. Near the ground as he was, the flat plain below threw the fusillade of his motor back at him. Farther on, nearer the border, he would have to go up to a high level to deaden the betraying crackle. Also, a spur of the hills came to the east near the river, sending treacherous side-draughts out of the draws, and it would be better to avoid them. He had little fear of the troops, at four or five

thousand feet. He had forgotten the biplane. The moon had gone down in the bank of clouds, and the eastern horizon was beginning to define itself against the paling sky with startling rapidity. It was only a short distance now to the border—ten miles perhaps—but the lame man was only too well acquainted with the suddenness of the dawn in the thin air of the desert. He leaned down and gave an attentive ear to the manifold voice of his engine. Then, reassured, he began to ascend the impalpable stairway to a higher level of the air.

The low range of hills before him went down and down below the horizon—beyond them a sinuous line of darker color came up, pricked here and there with tiny dots of fire. That was the river, and those were the morning fires of the American troops guarding the border. These directly in front of him belonged to a troop of the Seventh Cavalry—he had crossed them many times, but always under cover of the night before. Further down to the left lay the Twenty-seventh Infantry—twelve hundred rifles beneath one, even at a mile, would be a delicate business, especially when so much as a splinter of shot under the inner curve of either wing would mean a stunning hole in the atmosphere and oblivion.

The sun struck him in sudden and complete force. A moment later he saw it catch the sides of the hills below, throwing every little object into an abrupt distinctness. His eyes ran along the range and picked up a blue shadow moving lazily over the white face of a mesa. For a moment its significance escaped him. Abstractedly, his gaze ran out on a line from the shadow, and as they found an object his hands tightened convulsively on the wheel before him.

The object which had intercepted the rays of the sun and cast that blue shadow on the hill sailed along lazily in front and below him like a sluggish beetle. The waving, aerilons between the two yellow planes told him he had been mistaken when he spoke of a Wright. It was a Curtiss then, and of problematical speed.

For one time in his life, the man known as Tom Horne was startled out of his self-poise. Had he analyzed the situation, as was his long-bred habit, he would have made for the right, that is, upstream. As it was, he veered to the left, shaping his course to lie directly over the twelve hundred rifles of the Twenty-seventh. It is to his credit, however, that even in his confusion the thought of turning back did not come as a possibility. Perhaps he realized instinctively that his only haven now lay on the other side of the border, for he was aware he had been discovered by the patrol almost at the instant he had made his own observation. The apparently sluggish biplane took on a sudden new life, veering sharply about and presenting to his sight the three black specks that were men crouching between the wings.

The roar of the motor at his feet rose to a continuous shriek. The morning air stung his face like a rain of needles; far below him the blur of a shadow raced along the tips of the bunch grass, and a half mile to the right a companion shadow jumped the run of an arroyo on a slightly converging course.

The race was on with a vengeance. After the first startled moment had passed, the lame man's machine-like precision of thought

and action re-asserted itself once more. He glanced down. The flat plain below streamed past like the singing belt of an immense wheel, bringing ever nearer and nearer the yellow checkerboard of the encampment. He could begin to make out the men now, animated specks scurrying about after the manner of angry ants. They were forming in the company streets—whether in response to the wireless in the biplane or to their own observation of the aerial episode, he could not tell. All he knew was that there were twelve hundred guns, and that he must "get up." He turned his head and regarded his pursuers narrowly. They were holding their own, and at the same time cutting down the lateral distance between the lines of their flight. Somewhere in the back of his brain he was weighing the two alternatives—either he must hold on at the present level and risk the rain of infantry fire from the camp, or he must shift that elevating control and point upward toward a safer height, giving the scout behind an opportunity to cut down the precarious lead the monoplane now held. Under ordinary circumstances he would have chosen the former, being well acquainted with the ineffectiveness of rifle fire on a moving object, but the perilous freight alongside his knees lay like a sinister and unnerving burden on his consciousness. This whole mental transaction was no more than a flash. Before he had consciously thought, the control was back and the wind shifted from his face to the lowered side of his chin as the line of the racer pointed skyward.

Out of the tail of his eye he made out his pursuer coming on at terrific speed. He felt, rather than saw, the glint of a rifle barrel thrust out from between the planes, and the certainty that he had come under fire filled him with a tense uneasiness. He was coming over the edge of the camp now. Peering down between the stays at his left, he could see the spitting vapor from scattered muzzles. He turned at sound of a sharp spot on the right wing. A tiny round mark told him that he had been touched. He turned again to the machine behind him. The sight of a rifle thrust up at him at an awkward angle from under the upper wing gave him a bewildering idea. He laughed at the impossible thing.

No, it was not impossible—he had seen practically the same thing done on the practice fields of France, time and again. What was more, he believed in his craft—trusted implicitly that she would respond to any call he should make on her staunchness. He was going very fast.

The elevator control came back to his shoulder in a quick, easy pull. At the same time his right hand turned the wheel to the right. In response, the crossed planes of the trailing rudder went down and to the left. With a mighty swish and groan of sorely-taxed rods and fabric, the great bird came up and up—the lame man clinging in the seat thought that upstroke would never end—and over in a dizzy, slanting loop, and down again. Then the monoplane rode easily, an even balance, her shadow almost touching the yellow top of the biplane, fifteen feet below.

He had done it. Had that flashing circuit been a little more to the perpendicular, he would have "looped the loop," as they say in circus parlance, perfectly. As it was, the

slanting figure had done the work. The fire from the camp had ceased, and the rifle in the gliding patrol beneath him was effectually smothered by the sweep of the intervening plane. Horne laughed again and patted the wheel before him.

"Good girl!"

The patrolling plane beneath him began to glide over the camp in wide circles, its occupants evidently at a loss what to do, now that their claws had been clipped by the spectacular maneuver of their chase. The lame man grinned:

"It would be just like those army chaps to cut a hole in their rigging to get a pot at me," he mused. "And about that time they'd hit Mother Earth so hard they'd go right on through. I wonder if they'll do it."

But they did not do it. He had overlooked the perfectly obvious move, and it was not till he began to realize the increasing distinctness of the tents below that he understood. The other machine was simply cropping out from under him.

He had to think quickly. In his sudden, imperative need, the lame man did what every air-man does instinctively—he turned his eyes to the air for help. And the air did not fail him.

Perhaps half a mile down the river bank from the main camp was a corral for the officers' mounts, and nearby stood the mess-cook for the wranglers, stirring his morning fire into life. The smoke from this fire rose in the air for a hundred yards without so much as a quiver, so still was the atmosphere. At that point it suddenly vanished, as though shorn off cleanly by an invisible knife blade. The lame man's gaze fell on this phenomenon with understanding. He turned his eyes toward the range of hills across the stream, backed by the lowering storm he had forgotten. His search ran down this range till it came to what it was seeking—a V-shaped notch in the rocky barrier, opening almost opposite the corral. That was the sheath from which darted the invisible blade—more accurately, the mouth of a long funnel leading back into the chilly recesses of the mountains, now heavy with the low-lying storm-mists. The abrupt warmth of the sun's rays on the lowlands had had the effect of lifting the blanket of atmosphere enveloping them, thus creating a semi-vacuum near the ground. It was to replenish this vacuum that the heavier air of the hills came pouring down, pursuing the lowest level like a true fluid. The lowest level was the bed of this V-shaped draw, and with the incalculable weight of the atmosphere behind it, the airy river shot from the spout in a sharp, swirling and invisible jet. This is what the lame man saw.

"I don't like to do it," he muttered. "I can't help remembering they're my own people, and probably very good fellows. But they ought not to be playing around in the air—that is, if they're fools enough to let 'emself in for my game. Well—good-bye, friends."

But he did not go just yet, however. The sweep of the circle was carrying him away from the desired point at this moment. He must wait a little. The plane beneath him, seemingly alive in its own personality, now that its human burden was hidden from his view, slid along through the air like a huge, sibilant insect. He, watchful, covered its every move. The arc of the circle crept to

the north of the camp, to the west, to the south, and the time had come.

The lower machine turned to complete the circuit up the eastern side. The upper machine did not turn with it this time. The watchers on the earth, taken off their guard, saw it gather a sudden speed, and dart away down the river bank, falling nearer and nearer the water's edge as it went.

The lame man's aim was the column of smoke as a visible sign-board of the safe road. He cut the vapor some twenty feet below the point of the invisible blade, and once securely beneath the cross-stream of air from the draw, began to test its lower flow, rising gradually to catch its first breath. Now he turned his head and regarded the other craft, which had but now become aware of the gesticulating arms of the troops below, desperately indicating his own defection, and was pointing about in pursuit.

"Let me go—let me go—you fools." The lame man plead with them through clenched teeth, as though they were but a dozen feet away. Still they came, nearing the tell-tale smoke and rising higher as he rose.

"Oh well—if you must have it—take it."

With a sudden flash of its lithe tail, the racer veered toward the river. It was timed to a second. The pursuer, observing the new direction of the chase, also veered to cut across the monoplane's path. As she veered she canted far to the right, thus presenting the upper surfaces of her delicate twin planes toward the hills across the river.

It was all over very quickly. One moment she was a living creature, power in every singing line, cutting the thin air with the swift ease of a soaring bird. The next moment she had driven into that vicious cross-draught, receiving the full, twisting power of it on the backs of her wings. The result was that of a spider's web under the blow of the housemaid's broom.

The lame man turned his eyes away, but irresistibly they were drawn back to the wretched wisp of twisted rods and crumpled sheathing, shooting downward over the blue of the river. He perceived the dark forms of the air-men, squirming desperately to extricate themselves from the wrecked framework, and thanked Heaven it had been done over the water. They would probably get off at the price of a wetting and a broken bone or so. He watched them down, sorry that it had had to be—then he turned and pursued his quest over the borders.

The following half hour afforded him ample opportunity of putting this distressing scene from his mind. Once over the low range of hills, he came abruptly into the black of the spring-storm. Every flash of lightning seemed to strike at the very centre of his being, so heavy did the delicate burden alongside his knees weigh upon his senses. Every shock of thunder that left him unscathed was a fresh miracle. But all things that are, pass by. He came out of the shadow into the hot sunlight once more, as a man wakes into the day from the toils of an evil dream.

The whole country lay beneath him, a widespread map in colored relief. Picking up the dark thread of a winding creek, he followed its general course, knowing that it would lead him to that point in the hills where the newspaper correspondent had correctly supposed Francisco Rosas to be resting and recruiting.

They were in a hollow behind a great rock some miles up the canyon. The lame man craned his neck as he approached to get a first sight of the ragged little camp he had left there on his last departure. The purring bird swept on, circling the massive crag, and now the hidden pocket came into view. The lame man gasped—the place was empty of life.

What had happened? Had they been driven out by the state forces, or had they left of their own accord?

Like a huge soaring bird of prey, its eyes intent on every feature of the earth below, wings rigidly outspread, the yellow creature circled around and around above the perplexingly vacant hollow, searching some answer to his questioning. Then the lame man gave voice to an oath of disgust, as his sight fell upon a bit of paper fluttering from the peak of a forked stick, driven in the ground.

"D—fools—they must think I can hitch this contraption somewhere up here and slide down a ladder to get at their literature. There's no place to land down there, even if I didn't have these devil eggs aboard." The man and the machine swept on, the man cogitating. After three circuits were completed, he muttered aloud again.

"That note was put there to tell me what to do—I know that as well as I know that no way in God's earth can I get to the ground in this unholy country."

But he did get to the ground, mostly in a rangle of scrub-oak and mountain cactus, shutting his eyes and biting his lips in agonizing suspense at the instant of contact. Then he walked over to the forked stick and smoothed out the crumpled paper.

The note consisted of but a single word, scrawled across the whole sheet: CHICO.

For an hour after this, the lame man sat in the hot sun, his back against a burning rock, his brain weary with the fruitless attempt at devising a method for leaving this desolate spot. As far as his craft was concerned, he might as well have been marooned on an island in the middle of the Pacific. He was needed at the Chico Bridge—imperatively needed—if the plans of the insurgents were to be carried through, the forces of the state prevented from entering Pueblo Blanco, and Chihuahua saved to the cause for which he and thousands had given the best in their lives.

But he was like an animal chained to a stock. For an aeroplane to rise in the air, it is necessary that a certain length of open ground, fairly level, shall be provided, so that it may gather enough momentum running over the earth to carry it up against the wind when the elevator plane is dipped. The lame man looked about, as he had already looked till his eyes ached with the glare of red rock in yellow sun. With the exception of the little patch of ragged scrub where he had landed, there showed not a dozen square yards of feasible ground in the place.

The minutes slipped away while the lame man raged at his own impotence. After so long a time he got to his feet and began the painful ascent of the bold crag, towering, a colossal sentinel, over the hollow. When he had finally made the summit, he sat down exhausted, and ran a speculative eye over the surface of the rock. Having completed this survey, he shrugged his shoulders and re-

turned to the bottom of the pocket. An hour and a half had passed.

"It's hard lines when a man has to dig his own grave," he soliloquized.

Then he went to work, grinning at his dismal joke. His first care was to lift the two "devil-eggs," as he had termed them, from their improvised chests, and deposited them cautiously on the ground beneath a bit of scrub. With them safely out of the way, he began to push the machine over the ground in the direction of the northern exposure of the sentinel rock which afforded a more graded ascent than either of the other three sides. Even on the comparative level of the pocket floor the going was difficult. Every other step he was forced to bring his pocket knife into play to clear away the brush. But once on the face of the torturing slope, every foot became the work of many painful minutes.

The sun climbed to the blistering zenith—went to one and to two and to three o'clock. The fabric of steel and canvas stood on the summit of the rock, and the lame man lay prone in the shadow of the wide wings, exhausted. After a little while he rose to his knees and crawled back over the edge of the rock. It was almost four o'clock when he returned with one of the brown rolls—it was fully five when he came back with the other.

A flat expanse of stone ran back some ten yards from the southern verge of the rock, from which the side of the pinnacle dropped away in a virtual precipice. To the upper end of this space, the end furthest from the edge, the lame man wheeled the monoplane, stopping the wheels with chips of rock thrust as wedges under the tires. Then he whirled the propeller a number of times to heat the motor. Having assured himself that everything was right, he climbed deliberately through the network of stays, into the driving seat.

The lame man looked about him, over all the expanse of the parched country, as one who is not sure of seeing its like again. Then he bent and let the spark into his motor. The propeller in front of his face turned slowly, then with increasing speed, till its arc became quite transparent. He sensed the little jar beneath him, and knew it was the tires hunching over the stone wedges in response to the pull. Then the straight, keen edge of the precipice came toward him, and the next instant he felt himself diving forward into sheer space.

His breath was a convulsion. Down and down—forever down—the tumbled boulders and bunches of tree growth at the bottom of the canyon shot toward him with incredible speed. He dragged desperately at the elevator control, praying that the fabric of the tail-plane might somehow stand the shock. One instant he knew he could never avert a stunning impact with the earth—the next, the racer responded to his rough appeal, and he knew he was sweeping out and out and upward again, like a swooping fish-hawk thwarted of its quarry.

Now he was on his way again to the south, and he dared not spare his motor. He had an intuitive feeling that no time was to be wasted if he were to be of use. He was going over comparatively new ground now, flying in the general direction in which he supposed the Rio Chico bridge to lie. Now and then he picked up the faint line of the Insurrecto's

trail, and this gave him added confidence as to his aim. He supposed they would be there by this time, probably searching the sky through anxious glasses for first intimation of his approaching craft.

After a time, his infrequent glimpses of the little army's trail moved more and more to the left of his course, making him believe they had resorted to a detour to come at the bridge from the southwest, probably along the line of the railroad itself. His first thought was to cut across straight toward his best idea of the location of the trestle—caution, however, led him to follow the line of march.

For this decision he subsequently thanked his stars. As it turned out, had he acted on his first idea, he would have found neither friend nor foe at the bridge, and would probably have been at a loss what to do with himself. He became aware of this when the guiding trail approached the railroad, about ten miles south of the bridge, which now lay between him and the disputed Pueblo Blanco. The railway here led through an extremely broken stretch of country, cut up in every direction by innumerable canyons and sandy gulches.

It was in one of these gulches, running up toward the railroad and nearly at right angles to it, that the lame man, peering down through the grating, perceived a strange sight.

His first impression was that he was gliding over a scene of massacre—a great number of dead men, each lying prone in the shelter of a rock or yucca plant, as though flung there by the hand of the killer with intent to conceal. This was but a flash—the next moment he understood that those scattered dots were men alive, not dead, and that they were the ones who were doing the concealing, from what he did not know, until his gaze had shifted to the upper end of the gulch, that lying nearer the railroad. This upper end formed a sort of natural platform, affording room and protection for another body of black dots. From this body emanated, now and then, a sharp spit of smoke, followed by a slight report, scarcely audible to the lame man over the roar of his motor.

His first glance told him the situation. The rebel band had been held up at the railroad by a company of federals with a rapid-fire gun. He looked about him. The walls of the gulch, together with the general lay of the country, conspired to shut the Insurrectos off from any possibility of a feasible detour. They would have to return on their own trail three miles at least before they found another approach toward the railroad. It seemed impossible, in the present state of affairs, for them to rush the railroad in the face of the gun. And the night was coming on. Still—they might be able to work through the cover of the darkness. And again, that might be too late.

He had no idea where the troop-train might be, all this time. He brought his craft about in a long arc, fumbling with one hand under the flap of the driving seat for the field-glasses carried there. He turned the glasses toward the northern horizon. The first object to come across the lens was a blur of dust, standing up like a pillar on the skyline.

"Garcia—coming in from the east," he muttered.

He turned them toward the dots below. He could see that one of the puppets, lying

flat on its back, motioned toward the northwest with waving arm. He swung the glasses in line with the arm's indication. For a moment he saw nothing.

He was about to bring them away from his eyes, at a loss for the meaning of the gesticulating arm, when a sudden, far-away glow fixed his attention. He waited another minute, sweeping slowly around on his gliding course, before the glow came again. And with its second appearance came an abrupt realization of its significance.

That glow was the reflection cast up from an open fire-door upon the rolling column of smoke from a locomotive's stack. It was the troop train—and it had gotten through. How far away was the bridge—the lame man estimated chances, even as he acted.

The man under the brush below, who had been but a puppet to the birdman, groaned in relief and fell to nursing a shattered wrist, as he watched the great bird above him forsake its meaningless circle and line away on a course parallel to the railroad in the direction of the Rio Chico bridge and Pueblo Blanco. The man with the wounded wrist was Francisco Rosas himself.

The lame man was talking to the fabric of steel and canvas. Through long and intimate association with it, it had taken on a distinct life and personality in his eyes. He was pleading, his voice low and tense with anxiety.

"I've been good to you," he urged, "as good as I've known. I asked you for something this morning and you showed me what you were made of. Now I ask you to go—go as you've never gone before—as you've never been able to go before—something very special—"

His words ran on in unconscious monotone. All the while he peered with wide eyes, stung by the hot, dry wind of the falling night, at the point where the twin lines of steel seemed to fuse into one and melt in the dusk. Beyond this point flashed the intermittent glow, now to one side, now to the other of his course, as the distant troop-train zigzagged around alternating curves.

As nearly as he could estimate it, the train had a good five miles in its favor when he caught the first glimpse of its betraying breath. Now he believed—he knew—that he was gaining, how rapidly, he could not say. The flashes were brighter and more distinctly cut out of the night, that was all. Had he known the exact location of the Chico bridge he could have struck directly for it. He cursed his lack of knowledge of the geography hereabouts, and plugged on as the wavering beacon guided.

When the lame man had talked so lightly with the young man of the brown pipe the afternoon before, he had really not known, himself, which sentiment it was that dominated him—love of the game, or the pull of the under dog. In the course of his wild, heart-breaking career through the night, he came to a realization that love of the game could never account for it all. He called himself a sentimental fool, even as he poured out unintelligible encouragement to his motor.

After what seemed a century of nothingness he became aware of a roaring in his ears, other than the roaring of his own engine. Then his nostrils were assailed by a wave of suffocating gases, and the glow which had been his guide stood up large and brilliant

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To Abolish Cruel Torture of the Steel Trap

A radio plea by Joe Mitchell Chapple for the fur folk. The voters of Massachusetts have since approved the referendum curbing the use of the steel trap by constitutional amendment

IN early youth I loved to hunt and fish and roam in the wide expanses of the west. My companion was a dog named Job. He may not have been a thoroughbred and he had only one eye, but he was one of the most faithful and loyal friends that a human ever possessed. One morning I missed Job and went out to the fields where I had set a trap. The scene of the suffering and agony that that loyal, dumb friend of mine had undergone shot through my heart like a knife and will last as long as I live. That is why I shudder when I hear the name of a steel trap, a relic of thumb-screws and barbaric instruments of torture, for in looking into the eye of Job—who lost both of his legs and had to be killed—I saw a look of agony that made me feel that my greed for gain had caused his crucifixion in those long hours of torment while I slept.

When Dr. Rowley, the valiant crusader of dumb animals, began his campaign against the use of this cruel instrument in civilized Massachusetts, he did not have to ask me twice to do my bit in urging affirmative action on the proposed question No. 3 which the people of Massachusetts will vote upon to emancipate the dumb animals in Massachusetts from the horrors and terrors of the steel trap. It is about the only thing we have left of torturing devices. It has no excuse, for other traps and means of catching wild animals have proved successful, without subjecting them to the pangs than bring a shudder to any human being.

In crossing the Syrian Desert on my way to Bagdad, I encountered a dying gazelle—a cousin of the antelope and goat—whose legs had been broken by an automobile, and when I looked into the lustrous, tender eyes of that beautiful little creature, I felt closer akin to the sufferings of dumb animals than ever before, and under the twinkling low-hanging stars of the deathless desert where one could almost hear the flutter of a moth's wing, I made a vow to include the dumb, speechless animals in my category of friends who need assistance, and are under the same law of kindness which was given the world in a mandate of mercy two thousand years ago.

The abolition of the steel trap does not eliminate, but rather adds to, the zest of hunting and outdoor life. It gives the dumb beast at least a sporting chance, for what hunter can ever boast of his prowess when he extracts his mangled and dying game from such a trap and calls it sport? The very name "steel trap" is obnoxious in all human affairs. We cannot applaud

the tactics of a trap, which typifies the treachery and unfair advantage of an adversary.

The opposition of organizations from other states, backed by trap and fur interests, is not welcomed in Massachusetts, which has been able in the past to take

tion when you can back up a reply of "Yes" with your conscience, responding to that supreme inner confirmation and satisfaction of knowing that you have done right and affirmed the ruling of the supreme court of your better nature.

We can now play fair with the dumb ani-



A picture that needed no comment as a plea for the abolishment of the steel trap

care of her own affairs and keep step with the forward movements for the betterment of humankind and living, according to the standards of justice and fairness that we should extend to the dumb animals as well as humankind.

All honor and glory to the memory of George T. Angell and the movement for the prevention of cruelty to animals, which I am sure has evoked the gratitude and appreciation of the thousands of God's creatures with whom we have dwelt on earth.

There is something impressive about voting in the affirmative and putting a little pressure on the pencil when you mark the cross after the word "Yes" on Question No. 3—I'm not saying anything about the other two referenda.

"Yes"—when rightly applied—is a wonderful word. It is the word the ardent lover seeks in wooing his bride. It is the word you loved to hear from mother when you sought an extra hour of playtime; it is a word that rings with the resonance of approval and gives you a sense of satisfac-

tion and protect the pets, the dogs and the cats, that have become a part of our domestic life from the ravages and unnecessary hazards of the steel trap and protect them from the pitfalls of death and suffering, as we would do in the everyday routine of life.

When I wander far afield amid the rocks and rills and templed hills of our own beloved New England landscape, that inspired Samuel Smith to breathe the prayer contained in our own national hymn of "America," I should like to feel that my own Massachusetts is free from steel shackles that have been set with treacherous intent to secure game without even the zest of the chase.

This does not in any way militate against the healthful sport of hunting or even trapping. It is simply a substitution of something that will eliminate unnecessary suffering. No wonder that S. Parkes Cadman and many leaders in public life have joined in this crusade to eradicate the excruciating agonies of one hundred million animals that are trapped in North

America! It is significant that Uncle Sam in his all-pervading consideration for human happiness has eliminated steel traps in all our national parks, resulting in a true consideration of wild life, indicating that it is not necessary to use steel traps. The superintendents have passed a resolution, declaring that it is not necessary to use this treacherous instrument in order to keep vermin animals in check and have decisively prohibited their use in every national park.

Many farmers whom I have met are supporting the movement and will vote

"Yes," because they do not want to see certain animals trapped to extinction that have meant so much in protecting their crops against more insidious enemies. We cannot interfere with the law of the immutable survival of the fittest, but we can be fair and give the fit and the useful a fighting chance.

There was a thrill when I read the poem "The Fate of the Fur Folk" by Edwin Markham, the author of "The Man with the Hoe." This is a graphic picture of the agonies that follow the use of ancient instruments of torture to catch game. The

big-hearted and humane spirit of the poet who wrote the great classic on human life has been stirred to make an eloquent appeal for justice to the dumb animals, with all the passionate fervor that permeates his plea for the human race:

"Yes, sometimes in dreams you hear
Yells of agony and fear
From the snare of iron teeth,
With that panting thing beneath,
For all night, where storms are whirled,
Groans are cradling the white world—
Groans of mothers dying so,
Groans of little ones that go
Homeless, hungry in the snow."

On To Mexico—A Tabloid World Tour

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"trouper" to believe that Cuernavaca would some day become a popular winter resort for Americans seeking new seasonable sensations and novelties in the culinary line.

* * *

Returning to the City of Mexico over mountain roads with hairpin curves, again suggesting Spain, was a succession of alluring scenic splendors of Mexico that impress the visitor with the natural resources in far-spreading fields and vistas that remain

as pictures hanging on the walls of memory. Millions of acres of Indian corn are seen everywhere, and yet Mexico this year imported millions of bushels of corn to feed the large population which lives largely upon maize instead of wheat. Some dieticians have insisted that the wheat diet has a distinct energizing effect that may not be found in the distinctive and original food for the Indian races both in North and South America.

The old wooden plows of the days of

Cortes prevail. With a flotilla of tractors and everyone working on the modern plan, Mexico would never again import corn. The bus lines have made it possible for the people to move restlessly about and the isolation of the remote villages has been eliminated, so that no one desires to "stay on the farm" and work for small wages with the lure of motor cars, motion pictures and radio that give the peon as well as the old landed proprietors a taste of unlimited leisure for "rest and amusement."

"Doc" Kendall, Grand Old Man of Sportdom

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ness world. If the superb physical condition of "Doc" Kendall at seventy-six is typical of the results of his theory of lifelong play, then most of the rest of humanity err in letting sports go by the board in later years.

"No title is as dear to me as 'good sportsman,' that is, one who receives a hard knock with the same smile that he greets good luck." These words, spoken by Dr. Kendall a few years ago, bespeak his outlook on life. He firmly believes in the thoroughgoing benefits of athletics for all, urging that we rejoice in life and enjoy it to the utmost. Already he sees evidences of the betterment to the human race caused by the increasing participation in sports, instancing the fact that the youths of today are taller than half a century ago, for he himself was considered tall in his youth, attaining a height that is reckoned below the average to-day. The extensive and exclusive use of the automobile, however, he regrets, holding that people are thereby giving up two of the best forms of exercise—walking and cycling. He believes in the benefits of reveling in a natural environment, and, for a long period of his life, he annually spent a month on the 250 square mile preserve in Maine and Canada of the Megantic Club, the largest hunting and fishing club in the world, of which he was for several years the head.

Besides being a sportsman extraordinary and dog fancier and horticulturist par excellence, Dr. Kendall is a poet of no

small ability, his verses somewhat suggesting the rollicking style of another Boston Doctor, Oliver Wendell Holmes. On each birthday and Christmas he sends verses on greeting cards illustrated by the cartoonist Franklin Collier, to those who are so fortunate as to be on his mailing list. "Doc" Kendall's philosophy, followed through his life, is evidenced in these lines written by him and appearing on his Christmas card of 1923:

"We'll not be here again. Let's have what fun we can.
It's no use showing off. We're not ashamed to play.
And never will consent to be an also ran.
If golf is too hard work, there still remains croquet.
One thing is certain though—We can't have fun alone.
All games require partners,—girls or other men.
And taking kids to shows means pleasure of our own.
Let's have what fun we can. We'll not be here again."

During the past several years the many clubs he belongs to have tried to force him to submit to a testimonial dinner, but his invariable reply has been "Sometime—I'm not old enough yet." No hall in Boston, by the way, would be large enough to accommodate his host of friends in every walk of life.

Although he firmly believes that he will reach the century mark in years, Dr. Kendall lately delivered what he termed his "Valedictory" poem, in which he expres-

sed the ideal that lay at the bottom of his lifelong activity in sport:

Ever since I was a child, I've been a sportsman.
I've tried my hand at everything I know,
Though I never could recall, when I started playing ball
Fully two thirds of a century ago.
Playing hopscotch, running races, snapping marbles, flying kites,
Till at last, out on the river found my way
In a wherry or canoe, speeding toward the ocean blue,
Passing where my dogs and gardens are today.

After that I took up wheeling, and at length I tackled golf,
And some glorious times at both of them I've had.
But as the years go slipping by, I doubt very much if I
Shall ever care for any newer fad.
Anno Domino is calling and is dropping gentle hints
But I certainly shall feel it no disgrace,
While I still am feeling fit to be slacking up a bit,
And let some other fellow take my place.

I feel I've made a record as an honest dead game sport,
A record I can look upon with pride.
I should worry like the devil to be thought not on the level
For I always let my conscience be my guide,
I have had a lot of fun, and I've made a lot of friends,
Who are scattered here and there and everywhere,
And I think they realize I'm the sort of man who tries
To be ever and forever on the square.



Tickleweed and Feathers



A red-headed boy once applied for a position in a messenger office. The manager after hiring him sent him on an errand in one of the most fashionable districts. Half an hour later the manager was called to the phone and the following conversation took place:

"Have you a red-headed boy working for you?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is the janitor at the Oakland apartments, where your boy came to deliver a message. He insisted on coming in the front way and was so persistent that I was forced to draw a gun."

"Good heavens! You didn't shoot him, did you?"

"No, but I want my gun back," said the janitor.

—Kablegram

Judge: "Prisoner, the jury finds you guilty."

Prisoner: "That's all right, judge. I know you're too intelligent to be influenced by what they say."

—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

The young married couple were having a disagreement while awaiting lunch at a modest eating house. She was grumbling because they were unable to afford the luxurious restaurants which had been a feature of their honeymoon.

"You can't have a brass band everywhere you go," said he crossly.

"Oh, yes, I can," snapped the bride. "I've got one with me now, on my finger."

"What do you go round in?" inquired the Scot.

"One hundred and fourteen," said the Jew.

"The last time I did this course I took 116," replied the Scot.

They agreed to play for a pound note and at the conclusion of the game the Jew had done the course in 76 and the Scot in 74.

"You're a liar," said the Jew.

A local business man who takes 'em long and cool or short and straight, was driving along in a woosy condition when he had an accident and was thrown into a five strand wire fence. When they found him he was fingering the wires lovingly and they heard him murmur, "Thank goodness, they've given me a harp."

"Dottie, did you bring in the eggs from the hen-house tonight?"

"There were none, mother dear. I don't think the hens were egg-minded today."

* * *

Daughter (returning from a performance of "Elijah"): "You know, father, I just adore Mendelssohn."

Father: "You do, do you? Well, let it be clearly understood that I won't have a son-in-law with a name like that."

* * *

Spivvins was attending his first opera and was puzzled.

"Is she singing in English?" he whispered to his neighbor.

"How do you expect me to tell?" replied the old-timer. "She's a soprano."

—American Legion Monthly.

A certain woman wanting to sing in grand opera, asked a German music professor to hear her. He played her accompaniment and listened to her for a few minutes, but she sang so far off the key that he finally slammed down the piano cover and refused to continue.

"What's the matter?" asked the woman in amazement. "Don't you like my singing?"

"Der trouble mit your singing, madam," asserted the professor, "is dot vedder I play on der vite keys oder der plack ones, you sing in her cracks!"

—Kablegram.

"Heavens," said the young miss, as she inspected Granny's wedding ring, "what heavy, unwieldy things those were fifty years ago."

"Yes, dear," said Granny, "but you must remember that in my day they were made to last a lifetime."

* * *

A young man with a pretty flirtatious fiancée, wrote to a supposed rival:

"I've been told that you have been kissing my girl. Come to my office at 11 o'clock Saturday. I want to have this matter out."

The rival answered: "I've received a copy of your circular and will be present at the meeting."

—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

Mechanic—How are those fenders I put on your car?

Motorist—Dunno. My wife hasn't tried 'em on the garage door yet.

Asked to pray for warm weather that her grandmother's rheumatism might pass away, a six-year-old girl knelt and said:

"Oh, Lord, please make it hot for grandma."

—American Mutual Magazine.

* * *

Gentleman: "What would you do with a nickel if I gave you one?"

Hobo (sarcastically): "Get a new suit, mister, an' some supper, an' a night's lodging, an' breakfast an' dinner tomorrow."

Gentleman: "My good fellow, here's a quarter. Go and support yourself for the rest of your life."

* * *

"I've been thinking, my son, of retiring next year and leaving the business to you."

"There's no hurry, is there, dad? You go ahead and work a few years more and then we can retire together."

* * *

"Black chile, does you all know what deceit am?"

"Suttinly I does, Mammy."

"Den what is it?"

"Well, when I leans ovah an' heahs somethin' rip, I knows dat's de seat."

—Patton's Monthly.

* * *

Patient—Doctor, why does a small cavity feel so large to the tongue?

Dentist—Just the natural tendency of the tongue to exaggerate, I suppose.

—Capper's Weekly.

* * *

Father: "How many miles to a gallon?"

Mother: "What color is the upholstery?"

Son: "How fast will she go?"

Daughter: "Has it a cigarette lighter?"

Neighbors: "How can they afford it?"

—Mo. Pac. Magazine.

* * *

Johnny—They must have had darned good cars back in Bible times.

Teacher—Don't be absurd. What makes you think so?

Johnny—Well, it says right here that Elijah ascended to heaven in high—and even our Erskine couldn't do that.

* * *

Judge: "Have you appeared as a witness in a suit before?"

Witness: "Yes, of course."

Judge: "What was it?"

Witness: "My blue serge."

—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

Four Magic Years of Radio Broadcasting

A retrospective glimpse of the rapid progress in the development of N.B.C. Broadcasting—Now international and world-wide in its scope covering almost every phase of human interest—A record of achievements that reads like a romance

ASKING a veteran broadcaster "What happened four years ago in radio?" he had to stop and think! He was so busy doing what must be done today, and equally busy thinking about what he will do tomorrow, that he seldom gives a thought to yesterday. In the swift business of planning and producing radio programs there is no time to meditate on what has been done—there remain too many new things to do.

To appreciate the tremendous strides taken by broadcasting in the past four years it is necessary to pause and look backwards. The four years from 1926 to 1930 represent the growth of a precocious child into a healthy, powerful adult institution, a rapid but healthy expansion that has never been equalled in any other business or industry.

Glance at the report of the first meeting of the Advisory Council of the National Broadcasting Company. The meeting was held February 18, 1927—not quite four months after the organization of NBC. M. H. Aylesworth, president of the new organization, made a report to his advisory council. There was pride in his voice when he spoke, for NBC had done great things in its first few months. For example, Mr. Aylesworth was exultant over the fact that an audience of approximately 10,000,000 heard the inaugural program of NBC the night of November 15, 1926. Today audiences estimated at more than 50,000,000 listeners hear NBC programs regularly. Mr. Aylesworth also pointed out what was then an unusual development in broadcasting. The program was picked up from New York, Chicago, and Independence, Kan. Today programs are shifted from city to city as a routine matter, and a microphone follows Rudy Vallee up the New England coast and into towns where radio sets were novelties four years ago. Plans had been completed at that time, according to the executive's report, to link together forty stations from coast to coast to broadcast an address by the President. Today, a forty-station network is a daily event and networks linking together eighty or more stations are not unusual. A broadcast originating from the Pacific Coast was pointed to as an example of record-breaking transmission of programs by Mr. Aylesworth. In the past year listeners have become accustomed to regular programs from England and other foreign points. Even a broadcast from Australia has ceased to be a great novelty.

In four years the radio audience has increased more than five times and the range of the microphone is around the world.

Coast-to-coast transmission of programs is on a daily basis. Listeners are familiar with the voices of the greatest leaders in the world, as well as with the songs or spoken words of the greatest entertainers. Political campaigns are conducted on the air and all the



M. H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company

colorful pageants of national interest are described by keen observers for the benefit of the entire nation.

All prophecies made in 1926 and 1927 for the future of radio in the next four years have been fulfilled, and many things not even imagined in those days have been accomplished. Broadcasts from airplanes, dirigibles, battleships, automobiles and yachts are only a few of the more spectacular achievements of the intrepid broadcasters.

The year-by-year development of the agency that has taken the lead in this great work is an epoch in itself. In 1927 there were thirty-eight radio stations associated with NBC. Today there are seventy-seven associated stations. The number of persons employed in operating the vast system has been quadrupled and the space devoted to

studios and offices has been increased many times. This concerns only the material aspects of the world's greatest network of radio stations. The adherence of NBC to the ideals set forth at its organization is another marvel of present-day civilization. The ideal was simply expressed at the time NBC was organized. To quote from the announcement:

"The purpose of that company will be to provide the best programs available for broadcasting in the United States.

... It is hoped that arrangements may be made so that every event of national importance may be broadcast widely throughout the United States."

Now let us glance through the record and see what has been done about broadcasting the best programs available.

During the first few months of its existence, NBC presented such famous personages as President Calvin Coolidge, Vice-President Charles G. Dawes, Alfred E. Smith and Governor Albert E. Ritchie of Maryland. Among the operatic stars heard by listeners were Mary Garden, Madame Frances Alda, Charles Hackett, Beniamino Gigli, Lucrezia Bori, Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, and Rosa Ponselle. John McCormack, Percy Grainger, Reinald Werrenrath, Toseha Seidel, Josef Hoffmann and Mischa Elman were among the concert artists to enter the radio studios. Orchestras under the direction of Walter Damrosch, Toscanini, and Willem Mengelberg played symphonies for listeners, and Damrosch became associated with NBC as musical counsel. From Broadway came Weber and Fields, Will Rogers, Elsie Janis, Eddie Cantor, and others. Radio listeners heard broadcast versions of grand operas and light operas. Shakespeare went the air. Crown Prince William of Sweden was heard in a broadcast address. The outstanding football games of the season were described by Graham McNamee and Phillips Carlin, and NBC co-operated with the government in inaugurating special programs for farmers. All this happened during the first four months of the NBC's existence. The ideal of the best programs available was being carried out to the letter.

During the following year, religious services on the air were carefully planned and started. The company adopted a general policy of co-operating with the great divisions of religious thought, as represented by the Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish faiths. Leaders of each great division were represented in conferences regarding religious programs. Sectarianism was eliminated, and the ideal of national religious messages by recognized

leaders of the several faiths achieved. Such nationally known leaders of religious thought as Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Rabbi Wise, Dr. Daniel Poling, and Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick became preachers in the great church of the air.

During the twelve months ending in March, 1928, NBC made tremendous strides forward. Damrosch presented a series of broadcast concerts for young people, concerts that later were to develop into the now famous Musical Appreciation Course broadcast every Friday morning during the school year through a vast network. The National Grand Opera Company came into being with weekly presentations of famous operas under the direction of Cesare Sodero. Anticipating the next presidential election, the League of Women Voters, in co-operation with NBC, launched a national campaign of information for voters. Within the year the number of stations on the associated networks had grown to fifty-five and a Pacific Coast network was established. The NBC moved into a new studio building on Fifth Avenue and was able to point to the largest and most modern radio broadcasting plant in the world. Three years ago, broadcasters and engineers did not realize that the growth of the organization would be so rapid that all equipment and facilities would be virtually antiquated by 1931. The amount spent in 1927 by NBC for programs reached the then staggering total of \$6,000,000 an amount since doubled for annual expenditures. The President and virtually every member of his cabinet went on the air during the year. Listeners also heard Edward, Prince of Wales, Stanley Baldwin, then Prime Minister of Great Britain, Ramsay MacDonald, a former Prime Minister, William T. Cosgrave, President of the Irish Free State, and Gerardo Machado, President of Cuba. The list of important speakers was virtually a "who's who" of the world. The army of talent recruited from the opera, the theater, and the concert platforms was greatly increased during the year. Concerts by the United States Army, Navy, and Marine bands became regular features. Market reports for farmers became part of the regular service and special reports on governmental affairs, prepared and delivered by David Lawrence, editor of the *United States Daily*, were inaugurated from Washington. The Dempsey-Tunney fight was broadcast. Football games and important major league contests went on the air, including the World Series games. The welcome to Lindbergh was broadcast. Microphones covered the opening of the Pan-American conference in Havana and the dedication of the Peace Bridge linking Buffalo with Canada. It was a busy year, but the broadcasters faced a busier one.

On January 30, 1929, Mr. Aylesworth again met his advisory council. He had much to report for 1928, and there was no doubt that the organization he headed had placed itself among the greatest institutions in the United States. Perhaps one of the outstanding broadcast achievements of the year was the complete report of the Presidential cam-

paign, which began with the Democratic and Republican National Conventions and ended during the early morning hours of November 5.

The arrival of the Graf Zeppelin and the Bremen fliers made material for the microphones. President Coolidge made sixteen radio addresses through NBC networks. Every member of his cabinet spoke and numerous senators and congressmen faced the microphone. All gatherings of national importance were reported for the radio audience and sports enthusiasts heard a blow by blow description of the Tunney-Heeney bout, an account of the motor races at Indianapolis, the play-by-play stories of the World Series games and the important football contests.

* * *

The broadcasters took a long breath and plunged into the dizzy year of 1929. Achievements hardly dreamed about before were realized. The networks now included seventy-three stations. More than 32,000 miles of permanent wire lines served the scattered transmitters. A million letters were received from enthusiastic listeners. The number of workers, exclusive of artists and musicians, increased from five hundred to nearly one thousand. The gross revenue of the company, all of which went back into programs, talent, experimental work and maintenance, exceeded \$15,000,000. Broadcasting hours were extended and the roster of soloists, orchestras, actors and educators associated with NBC included almost every outstanding person in the United States. Not the least important event of the year was the network debut of Amos 'n' Andy.

Near the close of the year another great dream was realized when an international exchange of radio programs between the United States, England, Germany and Holland was successfully established. During the year experimental programs from abroad were presented frequently and with marked success. The inauguration of President Hoover was described from every angle, and announcers even worked from air planes. The American Academy of Arts and Letters offered a medal for the best diction on the radio and it was won by Milton Cross, a veteran NBC announcer.

Sports broadcasts included the important baseball and football games, the motor classic at Indianapolis, the Kentucky Derby, the Poughkeepsie Regatta, the boat races at Miami, and reports of results of all important contests. Sir Harry Lauder made his first appearance on American networks. Listeners heard much of aeronautics. There were programs built about the flight of the "Question Mark," the mimic aerial battle over Cincinnati, a description of a refueling over New York City by an observer in a nearby plane, a broadcast by a man descending in a parachute and a description of the Schneider Cup races. The Philadelphia Symphony, directed by Leopold Stokowski, was heard for the first time in a series of radio concerts. NBC inaugurated its Musical Appreciation

concerts under the direction of Walter Damrosch.

All events of national interest, including the ratification of the Peace Pact at Washington, the award of the Edison Scholarship, and the arrivals and departures of the Graf Zeppelin were described for listeners.

The special program service to farmers was augmented and the National Farm and Home Hour, a daily broadcast, was put on the air. The technique of radio drama was vastly improved and listeners began to demand more and more programs of a dramatic nature. Informational programs were further developed and made more interesting. A Canadian station was added to the network.

The year 1930 promises to be even more important. The organization continues to cover every phase of general activity and national interest, and the search for the best entertainers, educators and leaders of culture has not been lessened.

Programs from abroad are broadcast on as regular schedules as those governing broadcasts from the New York studios. Already new records have been set by broadcasters for 1930. The voice of the King of England has been heard several times, the first time when he opened the Naval Conference in London in January. During the spring a broadcast was engineered which linked as program origin points San Francisco, Orange, N. J., Germany and England. This was the NELA Round-the-World Radio Party. Listeners heard clearly a radio interview between Major Charles Kingsford-Smith, pilot of the ocean-conquering "Southern Cross" airplane, speaking in Schenectady, and his friends and relatives speaking in Sydney, Australia. Programs originating in Norway, Holland, Germany and England were rebroadcast for American listeners by NBC, while Senator Guglielmo Marconi talked to America from his yacht off the Italian coast.

* * *

The major sports events were covered and plans were completed to give a radio account of the International Yacht races. The microphone greeted Commander Byrd when he landed in New York and it gave a vivid sound picture of the thrilling finish of the Hunter Brothers' endurance flight at Chicago.

This year an announcement has been made of a vast Radio City to be constructed in the heart of New York. This will be the future home of NBC. Engineers, profiting by past experience, are planning it on a vast scale to care for growth and development continuing by leaps and bounds.

The infant of four years ago now is a giant, and where its growth will end none can predict. Despite the growth of the new enterprise and the extension of its influence and power, the executives and advisory council have remained true to their trust in presenting the best available radio programs, and are spending millions annually to develop new programs. The future indeed is bright for the radio listener.

Reviewing Shubert Plays of Today

An appraisal of the current presentations on the living stage of some of the leading theatres of America appropriately illustrated with scenes from the plays reviewed

By CARLETON HARPER

UP Pops the Devil" is one of those quaint mixtures of real human drama, and freshly bubbling wit. The lines are delicious and while there is nothing particularly novel in the plot the effervescent spirit of the thing carries you through a most enjoyable evening.

When the curtain goes up you learn the boy and girl have lived together through one year of unwedded bliss—she has quite a reputation as an amateur dancer, while he is in the advertising business at \$75 a week. They both have a beautiful dream—that he will become a great novelist, and to this end she accepts an engagement at Roxy's at \$50 a week and he gives up his job and stays at home to write—incidentally to cook the food and care for the house; and to start on this new regime they marry—then up pops the Devil! He can't keep the house within the prescribed bud-

get and he can't write, for the interruptions of housekeeping.

She in turn is worn out by the strenuous life of dancing and rehearsing and after a few months learns she is to become a mother. Each in their new environment is working unsuccessfully and at fever pitch, with strained nerves; so no wonder they quarrel over little nothings, and separate. Of course they eventually get back together, with the help of their friends, who by the way furnish most of the comedy. There is one highly amusing scene in which a boy packs a trunk for his girl friend, on a wager of \$5, in a minute and a half. This allows time for proper inspection of the contents, and the master stroke is when he thinks she ought to have a going-away gift; so he packs a half-filled cocktail shaker in the drawer with the dinner gowns.

Roger Pryor as the featured player gave a well-balanced performance; while Arthur Hackett played the more ingratiating part of family friend with a goodly number of the comedy lines. Special mention should go to Sally Bates as the wife. She struck a note that rang true, and held it every minute. "Up Pops the Devil" is good entertainment, and should be on your theater list.

"NINA ROSA"

Vivid, is the word that best describes "Nina Rosa," the new operetta produced by Messrs. Shubert. Its Peruvian locale with Incas, half-breeds, Gauchos and beautiful girls, gives unlimited scope to the imagination, not only of the authors and scenic designers, but to Mr. Romberg in composing the music; and none of them has missed a trick. It is a sumptuous production, rife with beauty and color, impregnated with sonorous Spanish music, and the story punctuated with real he-man fights; a dance in which Cortez snaps a long black whip around the slender body of Penny; and again at the whipping post the lash comes into play when Nina Rosa feigns vengeance on her young American lover.

The cast includes Ethelind Terry, who typifies Nina Rosa, with her beautiful brown eyes and black hair, which by the way, someone should be good enough to caution her is much lovelier when she does it in a neat little bun in the back of her neck. Miss Terry has a well-trained voice which she uses most effectively. Mr. Ceeley gave a fine account of himself vocally, and you can always depend on him to paint a vivid picture histrionically.

Guy Robertson, the young baritone lover sings and acts with romantic fervor, and

the humor, of which there is a generous amount, is furnished by Jack Sheehan. Cortez and Peggy are always a joy. Their



Sally Bates acts charmingly in "Up Pops the Devil" at the Masque Theatre

dancing interludes are good enough to halt the action of any show, and their Tango is only outdone by their Apache dance.

To the petite Armeda went the lion's share of the applause. With her innate grace and fascination as a dancer and "charmer," she is a valuable asset to any operetta.

There is great poetic beauty, as well as a hectic savagery that surges through the Romberg music. "Your Smiles, Your Tears," has a direct romantic appeal, while "Pablo" contains an exhilarating native beat, full of fire and primitive passion.

"NINE TILL SIX"

The novelty of a play with an all feminine cast or an all masculine cast is nothing to go into spasms over. In "Journey's End" one hadn't time to miss the women, and in "Nine Till Six" the men were not even thought about—if the play



Armeda, whose dancing features "Nina Rosa" at the Majestic Theatre, New York

holds your attention, that is the answer to producers, critics and the public.

Last night a rather small, but highly enthusiastic audience sympathized with the woman who ran a dressmaking and millinery shop in London. As it usually happens,



Miss Jean Aubert, of
"Princess Charming"

her troubles came in bunches. One moment it was the impudence of a saleswoman, the next, an important customer had not been properly coddled and flattered; the three best mannequins decide on a job elsewhere; the head of a department confesses to stealing; and a wire informs of the death of her invalid son. Through it all, Mrs. Pembroke, as played by Auriol Lee, displayed such a rare insight into human nature, a keen business judgment tempered by the "hurts of living" that for two hours you live her trials with her, admiring her courage, and hoping that when the next burden comes your way, you can handle it as tactfully, and "carry on" as cheerfully.

"Nine Till Six" is a salutary lesson in living.

"LADIES ALL"

A deliciously naughty, strictly continental bit of spoofing is "Ladies All." Elmer Harris, according to the program, has given us "the American version of Prince Bibesco's new comedy." I have not read the original, but judging from the play, the translation slid from Mr. Harris' pen *undelested*, for New York audiences alone.

The plot of the play at the Morosco is centered about Nancy, a beautiful sculptress and divorcee (Violet Heming), her friend Ann, and her little French maid Julie, who all three are attracted to a handsome young Cellini, called Bob (Walter Woolf). During a nocturnal storm, one of the beautiful amoureuuses makes a visit to Bob's bedroom, but leaves without disclosing her identity, causing the hilariously comic perplexity of Bob. Ann's hus-

band, the old grouch of a "frozen fish" who turns up from Arizona in time to suspect his wife, and the chauffeur in love with Julie, also suspicious, who man-handles her until she likes it, complete the cast.

"SYMPHONY IN TWO FLATS"

A most extraordinary affair is "Symphony in Two Flats," by and with Ivor Novello. It is two plays in one, the scenes being switched back and forth between the flat on the floor above, and the one on the floor below. Each tells a distinct and novel story of its own, with separate characters, who only meet once for a moment in the first scene.

When the action of the play carries you to the flat above, which is occupied by a talented young pianist composer, David (Ivor Novello) who loses his eyesight, and very nearly loses his young wife, you witness a drama flooded with poignant emotions that cut like barbed wire.

David can easily turn out the sentimental tunes which bring him a good income, but he is ambitious to compose a great masterpiece and become known in *that* field, rather than as a "broker of cheap ballads." His opportunity comes with the announcement of a £2500 prize symphony. He forgets all else for three months, hardly knowing he

is losing his sight, and then with the realization—working against time—his symphony must be completed at any cost. In order to keep the "menage" going, his wife is forced to accept the financial aid of her former fiancé, Chavasse, who cheerfully foots the bills with a thought to the future.

David's work is finally completed and sent in, his eyesight is gone, at least temporarily. There are weeks of waiting, and then a letter. It is Chavasse who *misreads* it aloud in the form of an acceptance, and the young maestro is wild with joy. The night of the concert, the Doctor, prompted by David's wife, refuses to let him go, so David manages to get a portable radio and tunes in. You hear the musicians tuning their instruments, the announcement the prize symphony is about to be played and the name of the artist to be revealed after the performance. Then the strains of an unfamiliar symphony are heard, and with the closing bars David awakens to the realization that a hideous trick has been played upon him. He tears the bandages from his eyes to dimly perceive his wife supported in Chavasse's arms, and in an insane and pitiful rage, he orders them both to leave.

Then she returns, and he goes back to composing ballads with a hope that sometime in the future he may regain his sight,

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Violet Heming and Walter Woolf, the Nancy and Bob of
"Ladies All" at the Morosco Theatre

Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories

GEORGE GERSHWIN

The Composer of "Rhapsody in Blue" selects Stephen Benet's "John Brown's Body"

When George Gershwin won the prize for a musical production built on the sequence of modern lines, there was great rejoicing among his legion of friends. The composer of "Rhapsody in Blue" and numerous other orchestral works and musical comedies has a way of reconciling even the old-time melody-loving to his Cubist phrases in music. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1898, and before he had left high school was an accomplished musician. He studied piano with Hambitzer and harmony with Rubin Goldmark and Edward Kileni. When he began publishing his music there was a feeling that a new genius had arrived. His "Concerto in F," written for the New York Symphony Society in 1925, firmly established his reputation as an American composer, and he has become one of the active members in the American Society of Composers and Publishers. After listening to his two productions, which won prizes during the early days of 1929, I was keenly interested in knowing what this energetic young man of thirty-two would choose as a heart throb. He responded to the question "What is your Heart Throb poem?" without a moment's hesitation:

"'John Brown's Body,' by Stephen Benet, thrums my heart strings."

At first the ringing refrain of "Glory, hallelujah" came to my mind, thinking of Julia Ward Howe's poem, and then I recovered from my old-fashioned ideas and ventured to inquire cautiously:

"You mean"—and I saw the modernist look in his eye—"Stephen Benet's recent poem?"

"Just that," he replied.

Then and there I made a short cut to a book shop to obtain the poem, for my literary vanity would not permit me to confess to the author of "Funny Face" that I had not read his favorite poem. Here is an excerpt from the poem counted a heart favorite by one of America's most brilliant composers:

Out of John Brown's strong sinews the tall
skyscrapers grow,
Out of his heart the chanting buildings rise,
River and girder, motor and dynamo,
Pillar of smoke by day and fire by night,
The steel-faced cities reaching to the skies,
The whole enormous and rotating cage
Hung with hard jewels of electric light,

Smoky with sorrow, black with splendor, dyed
Whiter than damask for a crystal bride
With metal suns, the engine-handed age,
The genie we have raised to rule the earth,
Obsequious to our will,
But servant-master still,
The tireless serf already half a god—

* * *

WILLIAM S. HART

The Renowned Motion Picture Actor finds in Poe's Beautiful "Annabel Lee" the Pristine Beauty of a Heart Throb

When I first met William S. Hart he was on the lot. Later I met him in New York and it was the same Bill Hart. While he was born in Newburgh, N. Y., in 1870, he went with his parents to Minnesota and the territory of Dakota in early childhood, and says he cannot remember the time when he did not ride a horse, and his early pictures of childhood are associated with life on the prairie, with horse, saddled and bridled, near at hand.

Even in those days, while listening to the plovers sing and gathering the wild flowers he declaimed against the wind, feeling that some day he might become an actor. He made his debut at the age of nineteen and the handsome young "Lochinvar out of the West" soon found himself leading man for Modjeska and Julia Arthur. For two years he played the role of Messala in "Ben Hur," and one cannot think of such plays as "The Squaw Man," "The Virginian," and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" without thinking of William S. Hart. In 1914 he made his first bow in motion pictures and became one of the outstanding figures in the motion picture world. He now resides at Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, California.

One can never forget the earnest sincerity of Bill Hart in a chat. His blue eyes shone brightly as he commented:

"Poe's 'Annabel Lee' is one of the most beautiful, purest and sweetest poems ever written by the pen of man. Who can repeat the lines

For the moon never beams, without bringing
me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright
eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
without the vision of a heart ideal? But
let me give you my favorite verses of this
incomparable poem."

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,

That a maiden there lived whom you may
know,
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other
thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than
love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of
heaven
Coveted her and me.

But our love it was stronger by far than the
love
Of those who were older than we,—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel;
For the moon never beams without bringing
me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright
eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my
bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

* * *

EARL DERR BIGGERS

The Popular Author and Playwright finds his Heart Nugget in the Lines of J. M. Synge's Play "Riders to the Sea"

When Earl Derr Biggers was hammering out his humorous column in the newspapers and later found himself promoted to dramatic critic, he wrote a play entitled "If You're only Human." The very title is an index to Earl Biggers' work. His "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "A Cure for Curables," and his later story, "Behind That Curtain," made a deep impression upon American readers. He was born in Warren, Ohio, in 1884 and graduated from Harvard with an A. B. degree in 1907. His response is characteristic of the man:

"I have always been more interested in drama than in poetry—the two are closely allied—and of all the plays I have read or seen, the one that has furnished me the most memorable passage is "Riders to the Sea," by J. M. Synge. This brief, one-act drama of the fisher-folk living in the Aran Islands is to my mind one of the greatest modern tragedies in the English language."

Continuing his comment the popular author wrote:

"You perhaps recall the passage I have in mind—the speech of the old woman,

Maurya, toward the close of the play. Six sons and a husband she had, one by one the sea has taken them. She has just identified as belonging to her Michael a shirt and socks removed from a young man's body that had drifted to the 'far north.' The door opens, old women come silently in, and after them men carrying a plank on which, under a bit of sail, lies Bartley, her youngest and last. Her daughters are prepared for a wild burst of sorrow, but instead:"

MAURYA (raising her head and speaking as if she did not see the people around her): They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other. I'll have no call now to be going down and getting Holy Water in the dark nights after Sanhain, and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening . . . It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying; but it's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely.

"And that other speech of Maurya's, at the very end of the play:"

MAURYA: Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied.

"The sorrow and the terror of her life have passed, leaving a great peace, a peace that passeth understanding. Many years have gone by since I first heard Maurya's words, but they still live fresh and vivid in my mind. An isolated group of humble people in a cottage on a desolate coast, an old woman who, great in her loneliness, sums up the suffering of women like herself the world over. Great tragedy—and great literature!"

* * *

ADMIRAL WILLIAM SHEPPARD BENSON

The American Admiral, Southern Born, chooses Longfellow's "The Building of the Ship," One of Lincoln's Favorites

At his home in Tracy Place, in Washington, I found Admiral Benson, now retired, living in the memories and rich fullness of his illustrious career. There was a gleam of the midshipman who graduated at Annapolis in 1877 in his eye when he promptly responded:

"There is one poem that embodies the high ideals of our great country and the highest type of citizenship which, after all, must be a man following the example and teachings of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. My favorite is 'The Building of the Ship,' by Longfellow. I never hear it or read the lines without a heart thrill."

Build me straight, O Worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the short,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

Five years before the Civil War William Sheppard Benson was born at Macon, Ga. As a lad he knew something of the dark days following reconstruction, but felt that the world was growing brighter when he was off to attend the United States Naval Academy. He advanced rapidly from a midshipman in 1877 to a recommendation to Congress by the President to be made an admiral after forty-seven years of active service. When Chief of Naval Operations he was appointed by President Wilson to confer with the Allied Powers in Europe in 1917 and was made a member of a special commission abroad in 1918. He was the Naval Representative in drawing up the terms of the Armistice with Germany and the Central Powers after the great World War and continued as Naval Advisor to the American Commission to negotiate peace. Upon his return to the United States he continued as Chief of Naval Operations up to 1919, when he was retired by the immutable operation of the law, after which he served as chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board, which had much to do with the rehabilitation of the American Merchant Marine.

* * *

EDISON MARSHALL

The Well-known Author selects Tennyson's "Ulysses" as His Favorite

At his home in Augusta, Georgia, christened "Seven Gables," Edison Marshall is just as busy as he was when his first short story was published in 1913. He was then at college, a student at the University of Oregon. The success of his first effort brought the decision to devote his entire time to writing fiction. He was born in Rensselaire, Indiana, in 1894, and in early boyhood had some of the natural inclination to literature that comes to many Hoosier lads. His first novel, "The Voice of the Pack," was published in 1920. This was the result of the many months he had spent in the wilderness studying animal life. He now devotes three months every year doing nothing else but gathering material in the fastness of the forest in close contact with animal life, which gives that peculiar charm to his stories that appeals to boys. In his home at Augusta I found him at work, but not too busy to talk about his favorite Heart Throb.

"All in all, I think my favorite poem is 'Ulysses,' by Tennyson. There is a real heart touch and a thrill in those masterful lines. I like the old time things and I confess I don't know what free verse is all about. There are many other poems that I could name as close seconds, but I see many others have chosen these and I felt that I wanted to give you something distinctive among my circle of heart favorites, and I decided upon 'Ulysses.'"

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know
not me.

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees; all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea; I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whos margin
fades

Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life.
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

In 1921 Edison Marshall won the O. Henry memorial prize for the best short story of the year. It was entitled "The Heart of Little Shikara." His story for 1928 is titled "The Far Call." He enlisted in the National Army in March, 1918, and was Second Lieutenant, Ordnance Field Service six months later, serving until December 27, 1918. His son, Edison Marshall junior, is his father's companion in the long rambles far afield, where the popular contributor of magazines and author of fiction gathers material for at least one new book every year.

* * *

ROBERT DOLLAR

The Veteran Lumber man and Ship Owner inspired by "Psalm of Life"

In his office in the Dollar Building in San Francisco, I found Robert Dollar at work. He had decided on buying more steamships, and I mentioned something about having been surprised to find him so busy early in the morning in his early eighties. "Without hard work I never could have live so long and succeeded," he replied. "I commenced to earn my living when I was fourteen years of age and have kept right at it ever since."

This "grand old man" of the Pacific coast was born in Falkirk, Scotland, and began life in a Canadian lumber camp as a chore boy. He was thrifty with his leis-

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HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

with NIXON WATERMAN

To My Friends

I thank you friends, while yet I may
For your kindly words, on my funeral day:
But, oh, they would bring lots more of cheer
If you'd speak them now while I can hear.

Basic Lessons in Salesmanship

"Chair-warming executives," Babson says,
"Should all be given a chance
To go out and sell, and then they can tell
How it feels to be kicked in the pants."

You Know Him Well

Let him tell his story first, I pray,
It is worse than futile to resist him;
He'll never hear a word you say
Till he gets his stuff out of his system.

Prince or Pauper?

It is up to you to tell us which:
Shall Want or Plenty haunt your door?
Count all your blessings and be rich!
Count your sad miseries and be poor.

Not a Good Sport

It's a fact every man would be glad to dispute
But there seems no good way to defeat it;
Adam hadn't the courage to gather the fruit
But seemed perfectly willing to eat it.

Not Accounted for

When the Christian reaches the "Golden Shore"
Does it grieve him when he sees
That his heretic friends who went before
Are among the absentees?

Still Appreciated

Though the old horse seems destined to go out of style,
We still gladly make the confession
That he's good in the crowded streets, once in a while,
To hold up the auto procession.

The High Cost of Loving

Today, girls will not look at "dubs;"
They seek men who are thrifty:
They won't have thirty dollar "hubs"
Since they, themselves, get fifty.

Indoor Entertainment

Indian summer is coming soon
With its chilly nights and its hunter's moon,
When it's fine for a youth and his heart's desire
To hug up close—to an open fire.

"Sorrow Cometh With Knowledge"

He was a fierce home-garden "fan"
Till one sad day he lost
His liking for it—foolish man!
By counting up the cost.

Men Were Deceivers Ever

False men are they who, ere they wed,
Kotow to all her wishes,
But married, ere six months are sped,
Won't help her do the dishes.

Swapping Her Charms

Yes, business may coarsen a girl, it is true,
And banish the innocent blush from her cheek,
But still she looks charming enough when we view
The twenty to fifty she's earning per week.

The Circus-Parade Spirit

"Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much, after all."
That's why we will stand in the sun and fry
To watch any old parade go by.

For Whom Shall I Vote?

Now, as full many a one of us, I ween,
View names the primary has left us, we
Know how it feels for those that stand between
The Devil and the sorry, deep blue sea.

Love and Madness

Every normal man while courting must be "looney," so
I guess,
And make statements rather foolish and inane;
If a fellow isn't crazy over women more or less,
He is not, in my opinion, truly sane.

Thoughts at Sea

It must be easy, after all,
When it finds the waves asleep,
For a spanking breeze to bring a squall
From the cradle of the deep.

How Is It With You?

Looking backward o'er life's pathway,
I am ready to confess
I have not at looking forward
Been a glittering success.

It's Rather Personal, Yet

No doubt you're about the most worthy of men
And all that you should be; but, say,
If your wife had her life to live over again
Would she make you her husband today?

If There Are Stars Enough

In parking airplanes 'twill be nice
With no cops there our joy to mar;
We'll follow Emerson's advice
And "hitch our wagon to a star."

A Chronic Ailment

The guy who doesn't know he's been
A darn fool lots of times, you bet!
Is one of those poor, witless men
Who proves that he's a darn fool yet.

The Story of "Favorite Heart Throbs"

How the idea was conceived of recording, as a treasure for all, those sentiments which have stirred the heart strings of notable personages. The enthusiastic reception accorded the book on its appearance has requited the editor, Joe Mitchell Chapple, for the years spent in gathering together these "Heart Throbs"

A SENSATION in new books is "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People." It appears in the 75c line of books, recently emerging from the \$2.50 copyright class. It was natural that "Favorite Heart Throbs" should fall in line as a "best seller." The third of the noted "Heart Throbs" books, it is a fitting sequel to the original "Heart Throbs" and "More Heart Throbs" which have reached the million mark in sales. Attired in a handsome colored jacket, reflecting Youth at its best, in a contemplative mood, it charts unerringly what reaches the hearts of the people today, as well as in past years—a sort of "get-together" of Youth and Age.

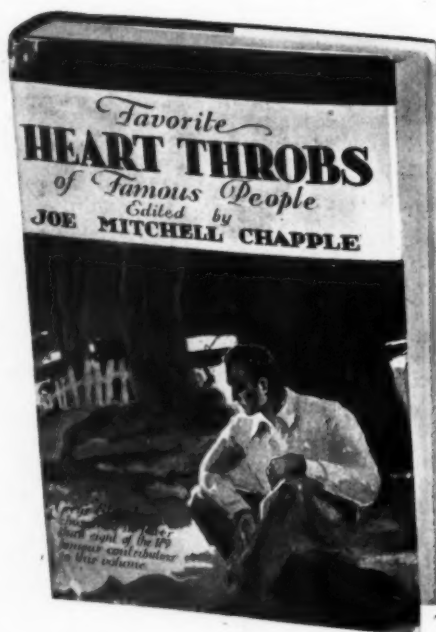
Amid the floodtide of new books of fiction, "Favorite Heart Throbs" is refreshing to the average customer browsing at the book counter because it is "something different." It fits right in with the mood of the novel reader. In the days of two-volume novels, chapters began with a poetic quotation. In "Favorite Heart Throbs" it would seem as if there is a quotation to fit every chapter of any novel ever published. The specific selections of nearly two hundred of the eminent leaders in various occupations and pursuits of today constitute a well-focused view of what is in the hearts of the people as effectively as a "talking picture." A complete biographic sketch of each one of the prominent contributors was obtained in a face to face chat, revealing what constitutes the philosophy of their own lives. It is a type of book that cannot be adequately described in a printed review. "Favorite Heart throbs" is the consummation of the life work of Joe Mitchell Chapple, who began years ago interviewing celebrities on their romantic side, as editor of the National Magazine. Meeting over nine thousand celebrities, he personally talked over with them the objectives in their respective careers, and he was given the name of their favorite poem as a "keynote."

"Favorite Heart Throbs" is a living, breathing encyclopaedia of eminent men and women living today whose work counts in the progress of the present generation, together with an inspiring retrospect of what it is all about and how it came about.

In an article in the American Magazine titled "I have Looked into the Hearts of Fifty-Two Thousand People," Mr. Chapple vividly and graphically related the story of the "Heart Throbs" series. This is why so many are awaiting the appearance of the new book "Favorite Heart Throbs." Upon its publication the United Press sent out a dispatch reviewing the book which was published in thousands of newspapers on their

lists. It was sent out as a matter of news, because it included the favorite poems of President Hoover, Thomas Edison, Henry Ford and a galaxy of one hundred and seventy-five other famous people. This widely broadcast comment appeared in the newspapers throughout the country.

NEW YORK—"Joe Mitchell Chapple of Boston, writer and publisher, who has 'looked



into the hearts of 50,000 people,' has collected poems for a book called 'Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People.' An amazing array of notables have confided in Chapple.

"President Hoover's favorite, 'The Fisherman,' by Eddie Guest, recites a conversation between two men who met 'along a stream that raced and ran' in earshot of 'the pipes o' pan' and admired each other's trout.

'Out here,' he told, with a smile,
'Away from all the city's sham,
The strife for splendor and for style,
The ticker and the telegram,
I come for just a little while
To be exactly as I am.'

"Secretary of Labor James J. Davis sang his favorite poem to Chapple. It is 'Home, Sweet Home.'

"The lines Henry Ford carries in his mind most are from the 'Psalm of Life' and go:

'Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate.'

Mr. Ford leans to Longfellow, and also has a weakness for Whittier's 'Maud Muller,' who on a summer's day raked the meadows sweet with hay and unseen by automobile tourists.

"Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, likes:

'Still sits the schoolhouse by the road.'

"Thomas A. Edison finds his heart-throb in 'Evangeline.' The inventor of the electric light is fond of the whole poem, but likes particularly:

'Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.'

"And so the chorus goes merrily on."

This is an unusual tribute to a new book announcing a current inspiration, as well as proclaiming the discovery of a treasure chest of memory. A glance at the contents page sells the book, because it reveals the concentrated romance of the American heart.

Few men in the country have more acquaintances among prominent men in all callings and ranks of life than Joe Mitchell Chapple, who possesses a talent for becoming acquainted with individuals. He has been the personal friend of many eminent men and women all over the world.

Every hour of his busy life seems to have prepared him for the great work he is doing as an outstanding apostle of Friendliness.

At the age of nine, he was sitting on a stool in a country print shop in Iowa, setting in type his first interview with a celebrity—P. T. Barnum, who gave him a free pass to the "Big Show."

At sixteen he was editor and proprietor of a real newspaper, which printed many columns of "local news" with lively comment on the celebrities in town and folks in the neighborhood, giving everyone a word of good cheer.

When William McKinley, President of the United States, gave the young editor of the National Magazine an authorized interview, it opened for Joe Chapple a door of opportunity that led on to the "seats of the mighty," intensifying his interest in people of all sorts, kinds and conditions, which continued on in a mellow mood impressively flashed in "Favorite Heart Throbs"—making it a sort of companion volume to have around handy to read in stray moments.

In the genial spirit of his "Confessions of an Optimist," Mr. Chapple writes in his foreword, "Precious to all of us is the sentiment that reaches into the sanctuary of our souls."

"Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People" is the overture to a symphony of sentiment, a fitting sequel to the original books of "Heart Throbs" and "More Heart Throbs" now in more than a million homes and libraries throughout the country. It is an eloquent summary of favorite poems

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Insurrectos in Chihuahua

Continued from page 101

over the nose of the racer. He knew he had caught the chase, and exulted.

But his work was not accomplished yet. He knew not at what moment the slim line of the trestle would come flashing out of the darkness ahead to rob him of the fruit of his day's work. For he could not have brought himself to wipe out the train itself, crowded as he could see it was with hundreds of his fellow-beings. He must get ahead at all costs.

He swooped down to one side of the engine cab, risking the chance of stray telegraph wires, and tried for the attention of the engine crew. If they saw him at all, they must have been too frightened by the phantom aspect of his craft to make reply, for gesticulations brought forth no response from the cab.

He gave it up and surged ahead. Every faculty was now alert for intimations of the approaching bridge. He knew just what he had to do, realized perfectly the desperate character of it, and went about it with a kind of detached precision. First his left hand came away from the wheel and fumbled in the case at his left knee, till the heavy roll therein was loose of its binding straps. When all was ready the other hand came down, and with the two he lifted the package out and deposited it near the front edge of the left wing, fastening it there with a bow-knot, so that one motion of the hand would let it away. In the moment of inattention, the craft had swerved slightly from the course. The lame man put it right again, and then served the right-hand burden as he had the other. After that he set himself to wait, staring ahead at the road-bed coming out to meet him like an endless ribbon from the night. He was well ahead of the train now, and he was glad. He wanted to give them a chance.

Then it came. He saw the nearer end of the trestle by the light of the bridge lanterns, one on either side of the track.

He had to work quickly and surely, for the bridge came toward him appallingly fast. He was still two hundred feet from the nearer end when he reached forward and sent the dynamite away with a sharp jerk of either hand. Then he struggled to get into the higher air.

The brown packages fell slowly. The terrible momentum of the racing flyer had such speed to them that they seemed to follow along under it for an incredible time. Then the lame man knew that they were dropping, fairly at the middle of the structure.

He closed his eyes and clung. His eyes were forced open by a great yellow light that seemed to envelop all the world in its fierce embrace. It was only afterward that he realized there must have been a fearful concussion—all he understood at the time was that he was whirling upward toward the black heavens, and that he felt the rods and stays about him singing in agony. Then he eddied about for a time in a sea of poisonous gases, dimly aware of a sharp whistle and the screaming note of steel wheels coming to a painful halt on steel rails.

But the Chico bridge was down—that was the burden of the tumult surging through his brain. Another tremendous explosion far away on the horizon caught his eye as he



The continent that became a neighborhood

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THROUGH slim wires etched against the sky . . . through cables laid in the earth under cities and fields . . . millions of Americans, miles or days' journeys apart, speak to each other as readily as though they stood face to face.

Over her telephone, a housewife in a Wisconsin town inquires about a dress pattern from a friend who lives nearby. Over his telephone, a business man in Philadelphia talks to another in Denver. Over her telephone, a mother in Kansas asks her son at college fifty miles away if he will come home for the week-end. Over his telephone, a cabinet member in Washington gives instructions to an assistant in Seattle. Regardless of distance and the complexity of modern living, they talk directly and immediately with any one, anywhere, at any time they choose.

The function of the Bell Telephone



System is the vital one of making it possible to maintain social and business contacts in cities that contain many times more people than this nation once boasted . . . in a neighborhood which the Census reports to hold 127 million people. Year after year from its beginning, the Bell System has increased its facilities, its personnel and its usefulness. Looking ahead and planning for the future, it has forwarded the growth of this nation by meeting its communication needs fully and economically. Today it overcomes the hindrances of distance and time . . . and unifies a civilization geared to the habit of instantaneous communication.

Because it serves all who call on it, by enriching their lives and helping to make their enterprises more successful, the telephone plays an increasingly useful part in the every-day activities of the American people.

edded about in a maze of flying vapors—and later he understood that it must have been the orb of the moon obtruding itself on the sky.

As the control of his machine came back to him, he became aware that the troops had debouched from the train and were firing on him. He laughed at them in irresponsible glee. It was as though a tremendous weight had fallen from his shoulders. He brought the still shivering glider about and circled over them in sheer bravado, like a boy out of school. Then he took up his flight to the north.

An hour later he passed over the fires of Garcia's camp, less than three miles from the outskirts of Pueblo Blanco, the town that was home to many of his ragged men. On his

way thither, the lame man had scribbled a note, setting forth the state of affairs. This note he wrapped about a spare nut and dropped into the camp.

The light from the moon and fires showed him the commotion his sudden bullet brought upon the camp, and how men stared up at the scarce-discerned wings of his hovering craft, waving their arms to him to come down. But he did not stop. He was too weary.

Two hours afterward he caught himself nodding over the wheel, as he jogged upward the three thousand foot level over the Rio Grande.

He had been awake for fifty hours. And on the morrow London and Paris and Yokohama would know that Chihuahua had come over to the insurrection.

Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People

Continued from page 110

ure hours and studied and dreamed. At the age of twenty-one he was foreman and then began to invest and re-invest in timber land. He had his ups and downs and counted it lucky that he met with his first great setback early in life. He reasoned now that he must sell as well as produce, and that the best way to market lumber was to have ships transport it to other countries. Then was laid the foundation of the Dollar Line. During the World War he was engaged by China to build thirty million dollars' worth of ships. Personal confidence in the man Dollar was the foundation of this contract, which is unsurpassed in any commercial transaction with the Orient.

Logically I felt that there must be some cherished maxim that this honored patriarch of international trade must have taken

as a talisman. Asked to name his favorite author, the one who had interested him and influenced his life, this tall, stately man with white beard, high forehead and piercing eyes, a picture of Scotch stability, replied promptly: "Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' has encouraged me to labor and to wait and to try to leave some footsteps for others to see, thereby leaving the world a little better than I found it. Yes, I know you thought I would say Robert Burns—my beloved—but I am talking now of the poet who had a definite heart influence in shaping my career." The man whose name is known over several continents and across the seven seas repeated the verses of Longfellow's poem as reverently as he would read Scripture.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream!

For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returneth"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Before I left he honored me with a glimpse of his diary that he had kept for nearly three score years. Even a casual study of its contents showed me that his favorite poem contained the creed of his life:

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Reviewing Shubert Plays of Today

Continued from page 108

the best ending one could wish in an unhappy, but dreadfully real situation. It is admirably acted, with special honors going to Mr. Novello. His proficiency as a pianist and his masterly portrayal of the emotions of a blind composer make it well worth the box office price, even in these days of hard times and poor plays. That is saying a great deal.

"PRINCESS CHARMING"

A MUSICAL comedy at best is a pot-pourri of several main ingredients. First a beautiful feminine star, who can both act and sing; second, a matinee idol, whose passionate love-making sends a flutter into the maidens' hearts across the footlights; third, a chorus, comely of face and figure; fourth, as near the makings of a plot as can be obtained not forgetting a bit of comedy and a villain for verve and color, and lastly the costumes and scenery to set off the picture.

"The Princess Charming," opened this week in Boston making its premiere appearance on any stage, has most of the foregoing elements to a marked degree. Jean Aubert disguised as a wicked Countess is well nigh irresistible. Having read much in the local papers about a husband who planned to kidnap her; and having plowed my way through cordons of police, reporters and plain clothes men at the moment of her arrival at the Ritz, I now not only understood but sympathized with the poor man who has lost such a treasure. But if Miss Aubert is to remain on the stage I'd like to see her in a great dramatic role such as Sadie Thompson, for somehow, her spirit of the gamin, her intimacy,

her charm and allurements convinced me that anything she undertook would be a joy to see.

Mr. Bartlett Simmons has one outstanding quality—his enunciation. He graciously allows you to understand as well as hear his full young tenor voice.

Danielle Bregis, as the Princess was acceptably charming.

We saw altogether too little of Douglas Dumbrille as leader of the revolutionists. He swept the stage like a sinister cloud, and sang "One for all" in the mob scene with flash and authority.

The Chorus was the most beautiful I have ever seen on any stage. Where were Mr. Ziegfeld and Mr. Carroll when these rare blossoms were being gathered? And to enhance their beauty, if possible, they were gowned in fabrics of exquisite modes and hues.

The scenery did full justice to Mr. Urbane's great renown, especially the scene at the end of the act aboard the cruiser Elyria.

I can sit through just a certain amount of clogging, ballet numbers, etc. in an evening without breaking out of the harness and in the present instance I didn't even chafe at the bit Messrs Connolly and Swanstrom have produced, a masterpiece of its kind—more power to them—and may "Princess Charming" receive all the success it deserves when it reaches Broadway in the near future.

The Story of "Favorite Heart Throbs"

Continued from page 112

selected by eminent individuals, together with a brief biography concerning the perennial philosophy of personalities who accord heart sentiment as an important fac-

tor in every forward human achievement.

"This search for what makes dark days endurable and sunny days enduring has been the supreme fascination of my life, in which the kindly naturalness of human nature has been so graphically revealed. Repressions considered necessary in the whirl of 'barter and trade' are thrown aside in a moment of mellow retrospection, which suffuses the remembrance of incidents and associations that reach to the depths of our being. Reading or hearing some poem or ancient lay, a song or a bit of prose often may strike for us the *magna chord* of our better natures—which many years ago I christened *Heart Throbs!* And now we have in 'Favorite Heart Throbs' the specific reasons for the individual 'Why?'"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

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WILL H. CHAPPLE, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 14th day of Oct., 1930
Lawrence S. Bearse, Notary Public

[Seal]

(My commission expires September 5, 1935)

What's In The Magazine These Months

by Donald Kingery Carroll

IN THIS ISSUE

Dr. Kendall of Atlantic, Mass., has been called the "King of Gentlemen and Sports" and he could sturdily defend this title against all comers. For over sixty years—he is now seventy-six—he has taken part in vigorous sports, no less enthusiastically to-day than half a century ago. Besides being an all-around sportsman (cyclist, swimmer, boxer, hunter, fisherman, golfer, and so on down the category of athletics), the "Peter Pan of the athletic world," as he has been facetiously styled, is also one of the country's foremost dog-breeders and horticulturists—but read the story on "Doc" Kendall, Grand Old Man of Sportdom" for a history of his unprecedentedly active life.

More phenomenal than even the recent growth of the automobile industry has been the development of the radio broadcasting industry. Only a few years ago it was a novelty to hear two stations linked together on the same program. "Four Magic Years of Radio Broadcasting" is an article that describes how today the fantastic dreams of yesterday have been realized. The supreme achievement to date occurred on October 27 of this year, when the ceremony at the filing of the London Treaty ratifications was universally broadcast. Almost every important station in the world was linked in the vast chain, enabling the program to be heard in practically all parts of the globe. The culmination of radio's growth seems to be reached—and yet, judging from experience, this "supreme achievement to date" will probably become a commonplace in the future. Broadcasting companies are preparing schedules for the coming year that pale those of past years. The National Broadcasting Company of New York, headed by President Aylesworth, has taken a leading part in the development of radio, and the article on the "N. B. C." and its recent accomplishments is truly a chronicle of "our times."

Wilbur Daniel Steele ranks as one of the outstanding novelists in America. Since 1914 he has regularly written short stories and novels that have been published in leading magazines and in book form. Four times since 1919 has he received prizes from the O. Henry Award Committee for the quality of his short stories. His "Insurrectos in Chihuahua" vividly relates the adventures of a flying "insurrecto," or revolutionary, who thrillingly thwarts the plans of the federal troops. It is as exciting an aviation story as one could hope to read.

Plupy Shute, as a member of the notorious Bil Poasters Company, herein enters upon a new role for the readers of this

magazine. After severely criticizing those of us who have been guilty of loafing or joining clubs, Plupy exposes himself to retaliative criticism by entering upon an enterprise that is by no means unimpeachable under the strict code of conduct that he has set up. Nevertheless, it is easy to overlook this in the thorough enjoyment of the story of the company and its final failure at least from a financial and popular point of view.

In this issue the long-promised series of Joe Mitchell Chapple on his travels to and through Mexico begins under the title of "On To Mexico—A Tabloid World Tour." Starting from St. Louis by train to Brownsville, Texas, and thence to Mexico City via the air service the "trouper," as they have been styled, enjoyed an adventuresome trip, which unfolded to them some of the real Mexico, not the Mexico of those who have regarded it through eyes jaundiced by commercial or secular prejudices. Today the land of Montezuma is a land of contrasts, presenting multifarious kinds and conditions of scenery and people, a panorama of civilization that tempted Mr. Chapple to term his trip "a World Tour."

Urged by Dr. Rowley, President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor of this magazine, delivered over the radio an address that eventuated into one of the most important speeches on the steel trap referendum question. Mr. Chapple related personal experiences with the trap, and graphically riveted attention upon the ruthlessness of the unsportsmanlike use of this instrument of torture.

"The Story of Favorite Heart Throbs" concerns a book with which most of the readers of this magazine are familiar, for portions of the volume first appeared in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Incidentally, the appearance of "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People" in the 75c series of Grosset & Dunlap is a suggestion to the thrifty Christmas purchaser who wishes to buy an inexpensive gift that will be enduringly appreciated. For those who can afford more elaborate books Mr. Chapple's travel books—"To Bagdad and Back" and "Vivid Spain"—embellished with fine drawings and paintings, are to be recommended. In fact, any of the "Heart Throb" books are especially appropriate at Christmas time.

IN COMING ISSUES

One of the most awe-inspiring stories of life-long struggles against tremendous odds concerns the rise of the Suffolk Law School. Dean Gleason L. Archer, LL.D., since his founding of the school in 1906 has fought against seemingly insurmountable obstacles, and to-day his early dream of establishing a law school fashioned after his practical ideas and ideals is realized. Without the aid of great endowments this school has prospered and offers an opportunity especially for ambitious day workers to pursue legal studies. It has the largest enrollment of any law school in the country. Dean Archer has ever endeavored to raise the standard of legal ethics. The article on the Suffolk Law School and its Dean will be well worth the reading.

In the December issue the second in the series of Mexican travelogues by the editor will be published. Anyone who has read the first installment in this issue needs no invitation to read the rest. Among the other outstanding offerings will be an article on the motion pictures of today and on the theatre. Two of the contributors to the present number, Wilbur Daniel Steele and Judge Henry A. Shute, entertain us in the next issue. "Pickled Sunshine" by Mr. Steele is the title of his story, while Judge Shute presents Plupy in his relations, happy and otherwise, to teachers.

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Waste Paper Dealers as Creators of Revenues

What was formerly a waste product is today a valuable by-product giving employment to thousands and adding materially to the wealth of the nation

THREE years ago in preparing an article on "What Waste Paper means to the People" I was startled with the information that one hundred and fifty to two hundred million dollars was paid each year for waste paper and rags, which materials in turn produced the necessities of the package age.

This is a tidy sum for conserving this by-product in order to answer the demands for hygienic and convenient wrappings for foods and merchandise. Then I first comprehended that in our own establishment the money received from the Gatti Paper Stock Co., whose representatives regularly took away the stock and found a market for it, was a considerable sum of assured revenue formerly lost. Naturally, I looked upon this dealer as an initiator of revenue where no revenue was obtained before. Later on, I found the waste paper business had developed into a considerable industry, built up by systematic methods of gathering, sorting, and delivering, much on the postal service plan. This new activity marked an economic saving, running into millions, to both seller and buyer, and I felt that it deserved at least the respect of all who appreciated efficiency. Thousands of dollars worth of paper that had hitherto gone up in smoke had now become a definite source of revenue, providing employment for thousands of people, besides supplying mills with material for redistribution. The evolution resembled the development of the by-products of oil. This new-born business was especially important during the war—when the differentiation between essentials and non-essentials was sharply made. The waste paper came into its own when it was found to provide the sinews of war in many ways. In peace time paper-board manufacturers found their diminishing source of supply replenished and, in fact, "redistributed" by the energetic and thrifty gatherers who saw possible profits in what was previously wasted.

The natural consequence follows. Enter the parasitic, high-pressured selling agent, so to speak. With suave words and glowing literature that reads like an oil prospectus, listing the names of large firms whose waste he has been engaged to sell, under a contract that leaves the title of the waste paper to the owner and also the "bags" or warehouses storing the waste paper—in case it is not sold. The commission man has a cinch of a commission, taking the owner's place in distributing—except in guaranteeing the sale—but sympathetically assuring him he will make "the best possible price." One is reminded of the commission man to

whom the farmer sells his tomatoes and then receives a bill for the price of crates and the freight—still the farmer has the thrill of "raising the tomatoes."

While the commission man may do the best he can "to sell" if the tomatoes don't decay and he "finds" the best possible market all right, he assures the farmer that he owns the tomatoes and has all the safeguards that are accorded the humble and long-suffering owner and producer—but, if he fails to sell, the producer pays.

Noting the names of a few firms the commission man may represent, the proposition looks to one theoretically unobjectionable as a solution of the waste paper problem. Then appears a discussion—designating "A beggar's tin cup and waste paper" as a graphic presentation of the selling of waste paper, with a beggar supported by a crutch, chanting "What will you give?" and pointing out that the waste paper market should be standardized like a box of pills or a bottle of soda water. There is much talk about fundamentals and little about *guaranteeing a sale*. Waste paper may accumulate under the contract to sell, but the commission man does not pay the storage bills.

In business transactions it is sometimes found that the lash of necessity creates or adjusts markets. The immutable law of supply and demand seems to prevail in regard to waste paper as well as other commodities. The man who makes an absolute purchase is more likely to find an absolute market than the man who "handles on commission."

The old fable of fortunes "made out of goose feathers" may operate if there are enough feather beds to fill with the stray fuzz, but the traditions of supply and demand will persist and an "over-supply" invariably interferes with the dreams of golden geese.

Competition among the dealers for the supply of waste paper and competition by the manufacturers for these goods constitute a flow of exchange that is likely to maintain a logical level without the abnormal influence of the commission man.

The items of old telephone books, returned magazines, and various other sources of the waste paper supply have their own places in the building up of a market by individuals who have made an intensified study of conditions in order to sell that which had no value until a definite market was developed. There was a time when scallops were thrown away for oysters, and sauerkraut was a plebeian Monday dish instead of a patrician draught, when terrapin, now a luxury, was so plentiful that

masters were prohibited feeding it to slaves more than once a week, and when cotton seed was thrown away. Today waste sugar cane stalks make Celotex, and grass, once burned, is used to make rayon, the competitor of silk.

A series of pamphlets and essays on Waste Paper indicates that there is some clever "planning" by the "seller" in this new industry, who seeks a commission but *guarantees no price*. Men who have grown up with the business and developed it are certainly more likely to find markets and a better price than the commission representative seeking a control of the source of supply—without finding a market and with no money invested.

It is estimated that there are two million five hundred tons of paper-board manufactured in the United States. Without a source of economic supply these mills could not provide the cheap wrapping paper with which the millions of consumers of package goods are supplied at the present prices.

The "commission" plan may work well where it adds to the benefit of the ultimate consumer and the producers, but there is vital objection to a system which shifts responsibilities and assures no price.

Materials have to be properly prepared for markets. Many kinds of waste paper are fitted for specific purposes. The study of these needs has developed the waste paper business as an industry. As President Hoover and other students of economics agree, you cannot wipe out an industry that has functioned along the legitimate lines of supply and demand without a flagrant injustice that hazards the interests of all concerned, of both consumer and producer.

Industry must exercise its legitimate, natural functions. There is a point of diminishing returns where merging operations are no longer economical and would no longer improve the interchange of commodities that would theoretically take all the kinks out of the chain and make life one continuous joy-ride—providing a "commission" is paid. This has occasioned a natural abhorrence of the word "commission" in these later days, like the word "propaganda." The words may appear innocent enough, but the harmful results have given them unfavorable connotations.

As one of the many producers of waste paper, I confess that my sympathies remain with the waste paper dealers who first showed me how to turn a cost into a revenue. It does not seem logical to turn this business over to a commission man who *promises* a market but offers

Continued on page 119

The Steinway ebonized baby grand in a Colonial interior designed by Allen Saulburg. A Steinway of this size and power—at \$1475—is an extraordinary value. Calculated on the basis of cost per year it is the most economical of all pianos. It is the ideal instrument for the home. Its ebonized finish harmonizes readily with any interior, and its size is such as to conserve floor space and still retain that beauty and breadth of tone which a true grand piano ought to have.



"Prelude in C Sharp Minor," painted for the Steinway Collection by Boris Anisfeld. In this familiar Prelude Rachmaninoff has brought a stirring Russian theme to vivid realization. Its sombre chromatic progressions and its vivid moments of dramatic intensity distinguish it as one of the most brilliant and original of modern compositions. . . . In commenting on his interpretive painting Mr. Anisfeld writes: "I saw in my imagination the four horsemen, famine, sickness, war and death. . . . After the havoc that they had wrought, comes peace, and life is started anew. I interpreted this as maternity, which never ends, but goes on forever."

In a recent letter sent to Steinway and Sons, Sergei Rachmaninoff said: "I am very happy to have the opportunity of using your pianos for my concerts because I consider them to be perfect in every way."



The preferred piano among musicians everywhere ... yet well within your means

IT IS SURELY significant that amid the countless musical issues, upon which scarcely two artists or critics seem to agree, the pre-eminence of the Steinway not only stands undisputed, but actually gains in authority.

More than a day was needed to achieve such an enviable standing all over the world. It has been built up by four generations of the Steinway family on a foundation of fine craftsmanship and constant technical improvement. Almost every major advance in piano design and construction since 1853 has been originated by Steinway.

To have produced an instrument so technically perfect—so eminently gratifying in tone, sonority and power that it has won virtually every

noted musician from Liszt to Rachmaninoff—that is the achievement of the house of Steinway.

The reputation born of this achievement has led too many people to believe that such an instrument must of necessity be beyond the reach of moderate means. As a matter of fact a Steinway may be purchased on unusually convenient terms. Being an instrument that assures a whole lifetime of perfect service it is obviously the wisest choice from the standpoint of economy.

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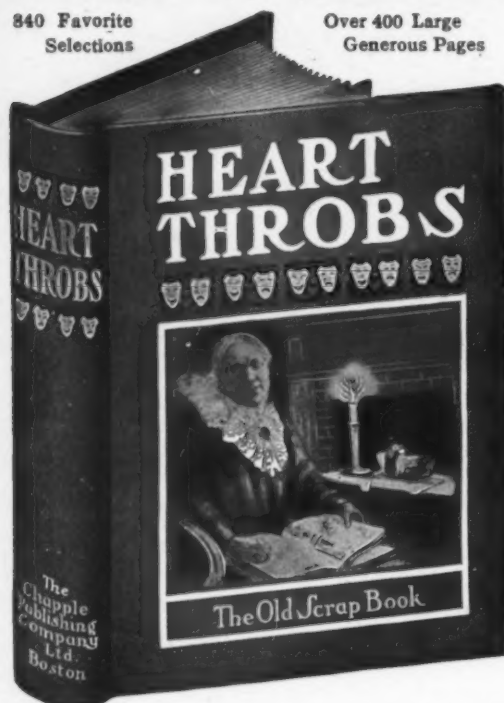
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"Joe Mitchell Chapple of Boston, writer and publisher,
who has 'looked into the hearts of 50,000 people,' has col-
lected poems for a book called 'Favorite Heart Throbs of
Famous People.' An amazing array of notables have con-
fided in Chapple.

"President Hoover's favorite, 'The Fisherman,' from Ed-

die Guest's 'Just Folks,' recites a conversation between two
men who met 'along a stream that raced and ran' in ear-
shot of 'the pipes o' pan' and admired each other's trout.

'Out here,' he told, with a smile,
'Away from all the city's sham,
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JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

When you read "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People,"
you look into the innermost recesses of the hearts of many
eminent men and women of this generation.

**The friendly book that fascinates with
personal interest**

Waste Paper Dealers as Creators of Revenues

Continued from page 116

no surety of a profitable return. If the material that I turn out every day was to accumulate, it would soon eat itself up in storage and become a loss and a nuisance. The waste paper is called for and sold when it leaves the shop. This assures a definite return for the supply each week.

Business ethics today demands the "square deal" for both producer and buyer. Every fancy scheme developed to eliminate costs must first stand tests. Some such schemes succeed and some fail, but in the last analysis it all comes back to the human equation, following the good old Quaker spirit of honesty, "If thee has what I want, I buy. If I have what thee wants, thee buys." The Golden Rule may not altogether be abrogated in meeting the myriad of problems that evolve from the age-old problem of redistribution. Even monopolistic merging corporations are realizing that self-interest in these X-ray days may look beyond a process of extermination of creative forces and realize that the golden egg may not always be laid for them alone.

Reviewing this situation from the standpoint of a producer of waste paper, I am led to look askance at any proposition, in which reflections are cast on waste paper dealers—at the same time proclaiming self-honesty in advertisements, supplemented by coated paper booklets that make proofless charges against the rival dealers. It is a spider web proposition that virtually says "come into my web and I will relieve you of your paper on a commission" under a binding contract covering several years. But, as to guaranteeing a definite price, that is not the way of these commission men—they simply relieve you of what you have on hand if you will kindly prepare it for market and then will try and sell it with an assured commission, no matter what the price may be. So the gay world "flets" by, and the creators of one industry are attacked by those coming later, hoping to reap a "commission" harvest.

Naturally we are aroused when the business of a tried and true friend, one whose integrity is unquestioned, whose knowledge and business efficiency have added to our revenues, is attacked simply because some selling agent desires to profit by his life-long work in building up the largest organization of its kind in the world. Anyone who knows, or has had business relations with, Joseph Gatti and his organization refutes such tactics as unworthy of these enlightened days of friendly understanding between those making an earnest, sincere effort to help others as well as themselves in doing business on a definite, equitable basis of buying and selling at definite price.

PERSONAL

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Some of the Many Thousands of Letters Received

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464 Wilnot Ave.,
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An American, the son of one of General Grant's soldiers, wants to thank you for your program this date. It was wonderful. Your hour on the air was the best I ever heard. Again I thank you.

J. H. Elwell,
33 Brewster Road,
Newton Highlands, Mass.

Your Sunday presentation of the Hays regime was a masterpiece, not only in voice, but by the authenticity of facts. Please accept my great thanks to you and the station WEEL from which this perfect radio casting was made possible.

Watson M. Ayers,
Danvers, Mass.

I had the privilege and pleasure of listening to you last evening over the radio at WEEL, Boston, on "Face to Face with our Presidents." You did splendidly in reproducing the spirit of the times. I am a retired minister of the New England Methodist Conference in my 97th year, able to take an interest in what is going on in town, state, country and world. You have first class talent in reproducing characters vividly. I anticipate hearing you next Sunday night.

Mrs. John W. Patrick,
634 Prospect St.,
Methuen, Mass.

Your broadcasts are wonderful. When your half hour is over, I have that same feeling I experience after a good turkey dinner—I have taken in mind something on which to feed and something that can be digested and so do me good mentally. We people who cannot see do certainly appreciate these wonderful choice things which come to us over the air from such brainy and busy men. Your voice, too, carries well, and every word is so distinctly enunciated.

W. S. Preyer,
W. S. Preyer & Co.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Your radio broadcasting received splendidly and comments of friends and associates very flattering to you and we look forward with eagerness to continuation of your program. Such talks as you are giving are particularly interesting to young America.

J. Milnor Walmsley,
Union Trust Building,
Rochester, N. Y.

I desire to express my sincere thanks to the National Broadcasting Co. and to Mr. Chapple for a program that is not only a wonderful entertainment, but is most interesting from an educational standpoint. I do not think the program can be improved.

H. G. Robertson,
33 Carver St.,
Springfield, Mass.

You surely have that happy faculty of making one forget one's self and see through your eyes; it is indeed a pleasure to listen to your vivid descriptions.

G. Campbell Bensley,
1a Ivy St.,
Boston, Mass.

I wish to thank you for the enjoyment we have derived from your Sunday afternoon programs. I think of all programs, barring none, we have enjoyed yours the most. The personal touch and insight into the life and character of the great men of our day has been a delightful inspiration. I am fifteen years old and a freshman in the Jamaica Plain High School agricultural course.

Helen F. Seiwick,
3 Acton St.,
Maynard, Mass.

Your talks are indeed enlightening for although one may have read a great deal of the life of many of whom you speak somehow you seem to have always come in closer touch and to know some little interesting thing that one would get in no other way. Though one may have looked upon the very scene you describe, you somehow have viewed it with different eyes and in a different light. One is sure to become enlightened by what you have to say.

R. Wright,
Summer St.,
Boston, Mass.

Joe Chapple certainly makes your heart throb. The best talks I've heard on the radio.

Mrs. Philip P. Lund,
810 E. 3rd St.,
South Boston, Mass.

I have enjoyed Mr. Chapple's most inspiring talks.

H. A. Merion,
Hotel La Salle,
Boston, Mass.

I listen in and have a wonderful time when you are on the air. I call it My Enchanted Hour.

Mrs. Eva W. Schneider,
33 Wetherbee Ave.,
Lowell, Mass.

I was very much interested and greatly pleased with your broadcast last Sunday afternoon. I hope to listen to many more in the future.

Geo. H. Shea,
309 North Ave.,
No. Abington, Mass.

Your half hour "on the air" today has turned a dull day into an interesting one. Since hearing you speak, a few years ago, at Boston University, I have been interested in whatever you have to say or write.

H. B. Davis,
Lawyer, Corsicana, Texas.

Chanced to "tune in" on your lecture "Face to Face with our Presidents" and enjoyed every word of your lecture, with its interspersed music, etc. I shall give myself the pleasure of listening in to the remainder of your talks. Indeed, I very genuinely enjoyed this personal touch with you, for such it seemed.

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The Boston Pilot: As an artistic treasure, "Vivid Spain" merits an honored place upon the bookshelves.

The Charlotte, N. C., Observer: Each chapter is vivid and full of color.

Post Dispatch, St. Louis, Mo.: Joe Chapple, the distinguished widely known Boston editor, relates in an intimate way, just as he might tell it as he smoked his after dinner cigar, and with the characteristic dash and finish of which he is master, he makes his word pictures live.

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